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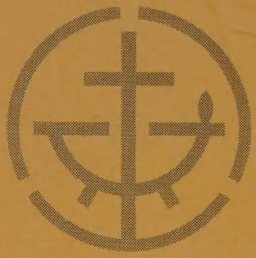

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My Return to Judaism

My Return to Judaism

By

SAMUEL FREUDER

With an Introduction

By

THE REV. DR. STEPHEN S. WISE

SECOND ENLARGED EDITION
NEW YORK 1922

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By
SAMUEL FREUDER

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TO THE MEMORY
OF
MY FATHER

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

The title of the first edition was "A Missionary's Return to Judaism." I thought it best to eliminate the word "missionary" because books, like men, are liable to be prejudiced by their titles, and the word "missionary" has an unpleasant sound.

This edition has been enlarged in size and, I hope, enhanced in value, by Dr. Wise's Introduction, by the Index kindly made by the Rev. Dr. Elias Margolis of Mount Vernon, and by the additional Chapter XVII.

As will be seen from the last Chapter, this edition was made possible through the full-hearted assistance given me by the Honorable Joseph Barondess and the Rev. Dr. Elias Margolis, to both of whom I am happy to express hereby my sincerest thanks.

I would be remiss in my duty should I fail to acknowledge my gratitude to Mr. Julius Bashlow and Mr. Joseph Zuckerman of Mount Vernon, both of whom responded to Dr. Margolis' request that they insure the appearance of this edition.

THE AUTHOR.

New York, February, 1922.

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PREFACE

The hope of doing something to promote the cause of truth and justice has been my inspiring motive for the publication of the following pages.

I wish I could have presented the facts concerning the men and methods used in the Christian missions to the Jews without referring to my own life as a convert. But since the testimony of a witness who hides his antecedents is of doubtful value, I was obliged to bare my life to the public for the sake of making my testimony as effective as possible.

From the evidence presented it will be seen that the mission work among the Jews as carried on by professional converts is reeking with insincerity and dishonesty, and is not deserving the support of decent Christian men and women, who, deceived by their missionary hirelings, are led to believe that they are helping a good cause.

I would like to emphasize that I am dealing only with professional converts, that is, those who

are engaged in the business of turning Jews into Christians. To converts who live in private it would be unjust to apply some of the harsh words I could not help using in speaking of the missionary fraternity.

I feel very grateful to all who have shown me kindness while preparing these pages, and especially to the following gentlemen, who have aided me by giving me some of their time and thought: Mr. I. George Dobsevage, and Mr. William J. Solomon, both of New York City; Mr. Simon Miller of Philadelphia, Pa., and Professor Gotthard Deutsch of Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE AUTHOR.

New York City, March 15th, 1915.

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION . . . . . I.-IV.

Chapter I.

"IN OPEN MEETING" 7

Chapter II.

DEPOSED FROM THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY 16

Chapter III.

MY EARLY LIFE 24

Chapter IV.

MY LIFE AS A CONVERT 36

Chapter V.

MISSIONARY WORK AMONG ADULTS 60

Chapter VI.

MISSIONARY WORK AMONG ADULTS (Continued) . 85

Chapter VII.

MISSIONARY WORK AMONG CHILDREN 100

Chapter VIII.

THE LITTLE SAINT 112

Chapter IX.

THE EVERLASTING SCHNORRER 121

Chapter X.

A MISSIONARY FREAK 129

Chapter XI.

THE MISSIONARY SHAMMOS 135

Chapter XII.

THE MARCHER TO ZION 147

Chapter XIII.

A SELF-STYLED EX-RABBI 160

Chapter XIV.

THE CHURCH AND THE JEW 171

Chapter XV.

ANTI-MISSIONARY MEASURES 179

Chapter XVI.

AN UNFINISHED CHAPTER 186

Chapter XVII.

A NEW CHAPTER 195

INTRODUCTION

Mr. Samuel Freuder has written a human document of high interest. It is in truth a spiritual biography of rare sincerity—the confession of a man who honestly and contritely admits that he has erred, and gives an explanation of the reasons that moved him for a time to depart from the faith of his fathers.

If it did not involve too considerable a digression, the question might be fully considered—can Jews be converted to Christianity, and why do Jews, generally speaking and almost uniformly, find it impossible and unnecessary to accept dogmatic Christianity, whatever be their attitude toward Jesus the Jew?

This question includes the further and the deeper question—what were the elements and forces which took Christianity out of the hands and the mind of the Judaeo-Christians of the first and second centuries and converted the simple, dogmaless faith of the Nazarene Jew into a dogmatic system de-

signed to win the allegiance of European and other peoples unprepared for the simply reasonable, ethical teaching of Israel.

I do not go so far as to maintain that it is impossible for a Jew to renounce Judaism and to substitute Christianity in its place, although there are those who earnestly believe that much that has happened during the past nineteen hundred years precludes the possibility of a Jew renouncing his faith in order to accept the religion of the Christian world.

But it is true that most so-called conversions to Christianity are on grounds which are dishonoring to the converted and little less dishonoring to the faith which these purport to accept. In certain so-called Christian lands in Europe, Jews turn to the baptismal font not as to a spiritual refuge, but as to a shelter from their Christian persecutors. Even more lamentable—for over and above all else there is here the taint of self-contempt—is the case of Jews not a few in European lands and of a much lesser number in our own country, who abandon the faith of Israel and mask as Christians because they would free themselves from the burdens that in a Christless world rest upon every member of the Jewish fellowship. I have often felt that no true teacher of Christianity ought suffer such as

these to pollute a Christian altar, seeing that they are bent upon nothing more than securing social advantages and immunities for themselves and their children.

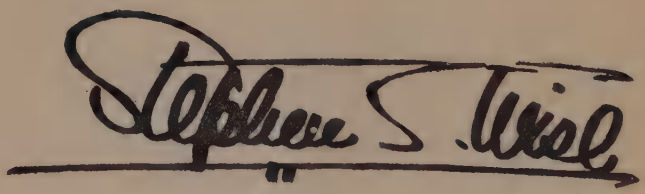
A third class of Jewish converts, though hardly converts to Christianity, is made up of those who are bribed in one way or another, obvious or subtle, to stand up and be counted as converts to Christianity. Freuder's is not the first document to prove how dishonorable and reprehensible are the methods employed in some of the so-called missions and by quasi-missionaries to Jews on behalf of Christianity. In many communities throughout the land, these "missionaries" claim to be winning multitudes of Jews from their own religious household to the acceptance of Christianity.

The truth is that we Jews have a right to claim exemption from the invasion of our home and life by such missionary efforts as predicates the inferiority of the Jewish faith. It is well for communities burdened by these missionaries to know the methods that are employed, the spirit that obtains in the midst of this missionary effort.

It is not an easy thing to write the story of one's intellectual error or spiritual blundering. Freuder has done this simply, graphically, honestly. His confession ought to prove serviceable as illustration

of the unworthiness of the methods employed by the professional "missionaries" to and among the Jews, and as further proof, though none be needed, of the innate and unaltered steadfastness of the Jew in abiding by the covenant and life of his people.

Time and again I bid my people be Jewish, be more Jewish, rise to the height of their glorious heritage and the deathless prerogative of their eternal Covenant. Let Christians be Christian as I bid Jews be Jewish. Christians who are Christian will bid the Jew be Jewish and rejoice in the heritage of faith and life which is the unimpairable birthright of the Jew.



IV

My Return to Judaism

My Return to Judaism

CHAPTER I

"IN OPEN MEETING"

No longer able to resist the promptings of my better self, I stood up in the historic Park Street Church of Boston—June 3, 1908—and "in open meeting" declared my return to the Jewish fold. It was the supreme moment of my life. It was then that I learned what it means to be inspired. The experience of that single hour amply compensated for the sorrows and miseries of many years.

During the singing of the hymn which preceded my address, I looked at the professional converts in the congregation—there were about twenty of them—and they appeared to me as grasshoppers, compared with the intellectual and moral giants

of the true Israel. I closed my eyes, and there rose before my mind's eye a vast multitude of Jewish men and women who had given up their lives rather than deny their faith. In my imagination I saw a long procession of these noble martyrs file through the front door of the church and line up against the wall, while a very old man took a seat right in front of me, and kept gazing at me with a smile of forgiveness and welcome in his glorified face. It was my father.

A full and substantially correct account of that meeting appeared in the *Boston Globe,* of June 4, 1908. I reproduce the report herewith, headlines and all, adding only a few footnotes by way of correction and explanation.

APOSTATE JEW TURNS FROM ADOPTED FAITH

INVOKES CURSE ON HIMSELF SHOULD HE AGAIN PREACH IN CHRISTIAN PULPIT

MESSIANIC CONFERENCE SHOCKED BY REV. SAMUEL FREUDER'S OUTBURST

"I have never baptized a Jew. From this day forth I will never baptize a Jew or anybody else.

"If I ever preach in a Christian pulpit again, may my right hand forget its cunning, and may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."

These were the utterances which upset the equanimity of the Hebrew Messianic conference in Park Street church yesterday afternoon, shocked every member and visitor, turned rejoicing into sorrow and consternation, brought tears and choking utterances to strong men and women and led some to their knees in prayer.

The startling and wholly unexpected words came from the lips of Rabbi-Rev. Samuel Freuder, credited in the American church almanac of 1908 to the Episcopal diocese of New York, and up to this time a missionary to Jews in New York City.

A NOTABLE CONVERT

He was born of Hebrew parents in the Jewish faith, was thoroughly educated in rabbinical lore—learning to speak and write nine different languages [1] — and served in Jewish synagogues until 17 years ago, when he was converted to Christianity, and was baptized by . . . .[2]

Then he took a course in Christian theology, during which he was a most ardent and conscientious student, mastered the New Testament history and doctrines very thoroughly, and became an enthusiastic apostle of the Christian evangel among the people of his own race and religion.

---

[1] Nine languages? Nein! Scarcely three.

[2] This and the other blank spaces in the report contain the names of professional converts. They are omitted for reasons given at the beginning of Chapter V.

Coming to Boston he became acquainted with Dr. Edward S. Niles, the Newbury Street dentist, whose home is in Brookline, and who for years has been a leader in efforts to Christianize the Jews. Dr. Niles became interested in Mr. Freuder, and knowing his talents and attainments, recommended him to Rev. Joshua Coit, then secretary of the Massachusetts home missionary society of the Congregational church, suggesting that he be given a position as missionary among the Jews.

DISCOURAGED BY FAILURE

The salary of such a place had been but $500, but Mr. Freuder was appointed at a salary of $800, and went to work. This he continued for some with satisfaction to the society, although the spiritual results were not such as the missionary himself had expected. Beside this, he was troubled over the fact that he had lost standing with Hebrews of the Jewish faith.

He became discouraged, and finally went to Dr. Coit, relinquished his salary and resigned his position, giving as a reason that he had not been able to reach the class of Jews which he wanted to.

For a while he entered into a business occupation, but subsequently, having a longing to again engage in Christian missionary work, he was appointed to the Episcopal position which he now holds, unless his action of yesterday results in his withdrawal or dismissal. He has also held a rectorship.[1]

In his New York work it is declared that he has been

---

[1] Not exactly. I was only what is called a supply, the rector having resigned.

most faithful and efficient, his generous philanthropy, tactful course, engaging manners and Christian zeal combining not only to endear him to many friends but to bring satisfactory results.

Recently, when the Boston council decided to hold the "Third Sabbatical Hebrew-Messianic conference"—the term denoting once in seven years, the first having been held here in 1894 and the second in 1901—Dr. Niles, president of the council, and one of its founders, wrote to Mr. Freuder, inviting him to be one of the speakers and requesting him to choose the subject of his address. The title which he selected was "Christ in the Talmud," and he was assigned to deliver it at yesterday afternoon's session.

He had already responded with appropriate words to the greeting of welcome by Pres. Niles at the morning meeting and everyone looked forward with pleasant expectancy for his formal address. They were astonished at the denouement, however.[1]

DENOUNCES MISSIONS

He said in part:

"I do not believe that missions, as they are conducted, are worth anything. I take a broad view, and, although what I am to say may not be welcome, I shall speak not in a spirit of criticism but in a spirit of amity.

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[1] I was, much to my dismay, called upon to respond to the address of welcome. Had I attempted to say then and there what I thought of the missionary business, I should have been silenced in short order. I bided my time, therefore, until the afternoon session, for which I had been assigned a place on the printed program. Then I

"The criticism against missions is twofold: First, that those in the work don't believe what they are preaching; second, that the missionary is in it for money.[1]

"I have never baptized a Jew. I have been a rector for some time in Philadelphia and there I baptized Gentiles—but never a Jew.

"You don't know what it means and costs for a Jew to be baptized—the rended soul, the disrupted family, the desertion of friends, the loss of respect. How can you expect that a Jew who has forsaken the faith of his fathers can sing: 'O, happy day that fixed my choice'?[2] I tell you there is no happy day for him.

"The name of Christ and of Christianity has so long been associated with the wrongs, sufferings, sorrows and persecutions of the Jews, that an Israelite can never forget it."

CHRISTIANITY NOT FOR JEWS

"The Jew stands for pure monotheism, but the Christian does not, for he has set up Christ as a divine object of worship, for which no authority is given in the Bible. How, then, shall Christianity lead a Jew to be a better man or lead a better life than he would if he had followed his mother instead of running away to his stepmother?

---

could not be choked off so easily. In my response I avoided all reference to Christianity, and only gave expression to purely human sentiments, such as are likely to be aroused by meeting oldtime friends.

[1] Is not the second implied in the first? What I probably said was: Second, because the converts they make are attracted by the hope of financial gain.

[2] Alluding to the hymn that was sung before I started to speak, the first line of which I quoted.

"On your program is an address on 'Atheism Among the Jews,' and you think it would be a good thing to make Christians of them. What for? They don't understand the New Testament, and so what is the use to take them from the faith of their youth?

"It is like falling between two stools—they will come to the ground. From this day forth I will never baptize a Jew or anybody else, for I won't make anybody suffer as I have for the last 17 years.

"I speak to both houses here—the Jews and the Christians. If you are satisfied with your faith, stick to it, and God bless you.

"I warn you Christians to be careful what you do in taking a Jewish child away from his family, so that you can make a Christian disciple.

RENOUNCES CHRISTIAN PULPIT

"I don't know where I shall go, or what I shall do. I have no money and no family. My church will no longer fellowship with me, of course, and perhaps the Jews will not.[1] But I can still fellowship with the dead prophets, saints and martyrs.

"The other day a baptized Jew asked me for five cents to pay a car fare, because the minister who baptized him wouldn't give it to him. Now that man is on his way to Europe, on the fruits of his—what shall I call it?—his crime.

"If ever I preach in any Christian pulpit again, may my right hand forget its cunning and may my tongue cleave

---

[1] My doubts on this point have been happily removed. (See Chapter XVI.)

to the roof of my mouth."

As Mr. Freuder closed he was reminded that he "had not talked much about 'Christ in the Talmud,' " to which he replied, "My address is like Josh Billings' lecture on milk. The milk was in the tumbler, but not in his lecture."

"TERRIBLE BLOW"

Pres. Niles rose with great agitation, and as soon as he could find voice, he recounted his relations of years with Mr. Freuder, and added: "I have believed that he was a truly-converted Christian. This is a great surprise and a terrible blow to me. If he has found coldness and wrong in Christians, it is because he has dwelt only upon their faults. I hope our prayers will follow him. If the truth has ever once entered his soul, it will never leave him, and if he comes back in prayer to God he will be restored.

"I know there is sorrow and suffering in the soul of a converted Jew, but there is joy, gladness and peace which counterbalances and overcomes the suffering.

"This is no setback for us. It is a call to push forward in the work and may be the glory of our conference."

. . . . said: "I have known brother Freuder longer than any other here, and I can truly sympathize with him. Brother Freuder, I know your sorrow and tribulations; but don't go away. Don't turn your back upon all you have believed and taught for 17 years. Let us on our knees take it all to God."

HIGHER CRITICISM BLAMED

Pres. Niles added: "The cause, I fear, is the 'higher criticism.' Young men in the universities are not coming back to the orthodox synagogues. They push away the

faith taught at their mother's knees, and make their intellect their God. If God don't bare his arm America will become a cesspool of intellectualism and culture."

Miss . . . . . , daughter of the clergyman who baptized Mr. Freuder, told interesting incidents in the career of the latter, said that he was one of the most generous and faithful of men, and she believed he had always been sincere until his address of the afternoon, and that he meant to be then but that down deep in his heart he still believed in Christ and would come back to him.

Several others spoke in sorrow and sympathy, earnest and pathetic prayers were offered, and the meeting closed with evangelistic song and the benediction..[1]

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[1] These kind but exaggerated estimates of me give an inkling of what might have happened in case I had died prior to the meeting. Undoubtedly I should have been held up as a shining example of a convert from Judaism, and counted among those who — in books and tracts written for proselytizing purposes — are cited as evidence of the power of the Gospel to touch the heart of a Jew and make him devote his life to the conversion of his Jewish brethren. Happily I lived long enough to prevent this undeserved halo from gathering round my head.

CHAPTER II

DEPOSED FROM THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY

For some reason my case was considered interesting enough to be reported in the Associated Press dispatches and discussed by writers in the secular and religious press and by preachers from Jewish and Christian pulpits. From all parts of the country I received letters, mostly written by Christian friends, asking for particulars, some even doubting the correctness of the newspaper reports. I left all those letters unanswered, because what I wanted at that time was to forget and to be forgotten.

The exception was a letter of inquiry from the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Pennsylvania, under whose ecclesiastical jurisdiction I had been placed. To him I felt in duty bound to explain my action, and I did so in the following letter:

New York, June 25, 1908.

To the Rt. Rev. O. W. Whitaker,

My Dear Bishop:—In accordance with Canon 31, Section I of the General Digest, I hereby request to be deposed from the Ministry of the Church.

For some time the conviction has been growing upon me that I am out of place in the Ministry of the Church, because of the following reasons:

I. I cannot believe in the doctrine of the Trinity.

Apart from the fact that it is inconceivable how one can be three and three one, it seems to me that this doctrine runs counter to the pure monotheism taught and insisted upon both in the Old and New Testament. No amount of juggling with words and their meanings can ever satisfy a student's mind that this doctrine could have had its origin and growth upon Jewish soil. It was a great misfortune to the human race that the early Greek and Roman fathers of the Church could not divest themselves entirely of their inherited polytheistic notions.

II. I cannot believe in the divinity of Jesus.

* * * * * * *

But it is impossible for me to worship him as "the only begotten Son of God"; for even if it be admitted that Moses in the law and the prophets pointed to Jesus as the coming Messiah, there still remains an impassable gulf between the Jewish expectation of the Messiah and its realization as believed in by Christians, who invest the Messiah with all the attributes of Deity and worship him as the Son of God. I am inclined to think that Jesus himself, and all the Apostles,

inwrought and ingrained as was in their mental constitution the monotheistic idea, would repudiate the deification of a man, no matter how transcendent his character was.

When these heretical views concerning the essential points of the Christian creed began to press upon me, and ere they assumed their present full force and weight, I used to lull my disturbed mind into quiet by the soothing thought that, after all, as far as its moral teachings are concerned, Christianity was superior to the faith of my youth; but closer study and observation have shown me that I was mistaken in this, also. For there is no difference between the Jewish and Christian moral standard. The fountain of the New Testament rises no higher than its source—the Old Testament. The writers of the New Testament were men imbued with the old Testament spirit. The loftiest ethical principles enunciated in the New Testament find their parallels in the writing of the Rabbis in the Talmud and Midrash.

And as it is in theory, so it is in practical life. If Christian commentators of the Bible are in the habit of speaking about "Jewish bigotry," "Jewish greed for money," "Jewish vindictiveness," and of other uncomplimentary Jewish characteristics, they may be correct as far as the contemporaries of Jesus are concerned; but, when they try to prove by those supposed characteristics the superiority of the New over the Old Testament, they are mistaken. As a matter of fact Judaism has produced just as great and noble characters as can be found among Christians. The life of Sir Moses Montefiore, for instance, or the life of my sainted father—representatives of orthodox Judaism—or the life of the late Rabbi Isaac M. Wise—the champion of reformed Judaism in this country—will not suffer by

comparison with that of any of the saints in the Christian calendar.

Pardon me, my dear Bishop, if I refer in this connection to the work of converting the Jews to Christianity, a work in which you, inspired no doubt by the highest motives of religion and philanthropy, have been so deeply interested. That work is carried on for the most part by those who are converted Jews themselves. The stock-in-trade argument used for the necessity of converting the Jews is the low moral condition of the Jews, which is depicted in the most lurid colors by the Hebrew missionaries who, like those rare birds, will befoul their own nests. As you will kindly remember I have been engaged in this proselyting work for some time, but without success. I am now not sorry that I failed to baptize any of my Jewish brethren, for my experience and observation have shown me that in most cases the baptismal font becomes to the Jew a fountain of sorrow and despair. To be successful in the work of converting the Jews one must not shrink back from mummery, mendicancy and mendacity. Were the true facts known about the methods used in getting Jews to be baptized, the Hebrew Christian missionaries, with a few honorable exceptions, would soon find their occupation gone, and they would be forced either to make an honest living, or, if that be impossible, to turn their faking abilities into some business channels less destructive of true manhood and morality.

My happiness over the relief from an unnatural position is marred only by the necessity I am under of expressing these views, which must be disappointing and distasteful to you, my gracious benefactor on so many occasions, and to other in the Church whose loving kindness I shall ever

gratefully remember. But "Plato is my friend, Socrates is my friend, but truth is a friend I prize above both."

Very respectfully,

SAMUEL FREUDER.

My record being clean, with no charge of any nature against me, the Bishop granted my request and deposed me from the ministry. But he did it in so gracious a way that I gladly avail myself of the opportunity of paying a slight tribute to his memory (he passed away on February 9, 1911) by printing his reply in full.

It was as follows:

THE BISHOP'S ROOMS

THE DIOCESE OF PENNSYLVANIA

Church House, 12th and Walnut Streets,

Philadelphia, July 9, 1908.

My Dear Freuder:

Your letter of June 25th was duly received and would have been answered before now but for reasons which rendered it practically impossible for me to write you. My correspondence has been much hindered of late by my inability to read. There are days when I can see and others

when I cannot. Sometimes I can read for an hour a day and then the ability to see goes as quickly as it came.

I sincerely regret the change of sentiment and conviction which lead you to desire to have your connection with the Christian ministry terminated, but I respect the frankness with which you have stated the cause to me and I shall take as early an opportunity as possible for carrying your request into effect; and when I do you shall be promptly notified. Should you change your address in the near future please inform me. It is necessary for me to go away from Philadelphia for a time, but letters addressed to the Church House will be forwarded.

With best wishes for your welfare, I am

Faithfully yours,

(Signed) O. W. WHITAKER.

Accordingly, the following notice appeared in *The Churchman* (a weekly paper of the Protestant Episcopal Church, published in New York City) in the issue of September 6, 1908:

DEPOSITIONS.

DIOCESE OF PENNSYLVANIA

Bishop Whitaker has sent out the canonical notice of his having deposed from the ministry of the Church, the Rev. Samuel Freuder, deacon, and the Rev. Francis McFetrich, priest, upon their written request, for causes which do not affect their moral character,

One more letter should find a place here, both because it is an illuminating illustration of the way modern Christians are disposed to treat a "heretic," and also because I desire to pay a tribute to the memory of its writer, the late Rev. Dr. William R. Huntington, Rector of Grace Episcopal Church of New York City. This is the same Dr. Huntington who, it will be remembered by the grateful Jewish people, showed his sympathy for the Jewish victims of Russian "Christians" in a most impressive manner. When, after the Kishineff massacre, the Jews of New York arranged for a memorial procession in honor of the martyrs, Dr. Huntington had the church bells tolled and stood for hours, bareheaded, at the entrance of the church, while the procession marched by.

This was the occasion for his letter:

At the time I withdrew from the Church, I was a member of the clerical staff of Grace Church, and its treasurer sent me a check for my salary for the month of June in advance. I felt that, having made my declaration in the early part of the month, I had no right to accept the money, and I returned the check. But Dr. Huntington sent it back with

the following note:

June 16, 1908.

My Dear Mr. Freuder:

I consider this money fairly yours under the terms of our agreement—and beg you to retain it "without scruple or doubtfulness."

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) W. R. HUNTINGTON.

CHAPTER III

MY EARLY LIFE

I can almost hear some of my readers exclaiming, with a touch of impatience, "He has told how he got out of the Church; why does he not tell how he got into it?" I shall do this in the next chapter, to which, my dear reader, you may turn at once, if you wish. But I would rather not have you skip this chapter, for the reason that some facts herein related may help to a better understanding of what is to follow. No act in a man's life stands alone and unrelated; each is the effect and outcome of actions that preceded it. Besides, there can be no true estimate of a man's character and his conduct unless we know something about his parentage and the environments of his early life.

I was born in Nemet Keresztur, a little town of Hungary, where my father was the Hazan (the official who reads and chants the prayers and hymns at the synagog) of the congregation for over fifty years, having succeeded his father, who had served nearly sixty years. Both my father and grandfather were known as men of more than ordinary piety and devotion. Three of my paternal uncles were Rabbis of some note, one of them, Rabbi Nathan Freuder, being the author of a Hebrew commentary on Genesis, entitled *"Zemach Hasodeh."*

My mother also came of a very pious family. She died when I was about a year old. My father, being left with five motherless children, married a second wife, who bore him thirteen more children, while his salary remained about the same. Yet the stings of poverty did not wound his spirit. He trusted in God with all his soul. A favorite Talmudical quotation of his was, "He that giveth life, will also provide the means of living."

When only two years old I acquired a reputation for having a "fine head," as the Jewish phrase goes, by the following incident. One day, looking

out of the window, I saw the Rabbi, our next-door neighbor, enter our yard with a basket, into which he started to put some linen from off the clothes line. Unaware of the fact that an increase in the Rabbi's family had caused an extension of his clothes lines into our yard, I began to rap on the window with all my might and to shout at the intruder. As the Rabbi, curious to learn the cause of my excitement, approached me, I shook my finger at him, exclaiming: "You Gannef (thief), don't steal our things!"

There was in this incident an almost prophetic foreshadowing of my future, when I often stood up for the right, and yet was wrong.

As soon as I had learned to walk, I accompanied my father to the daily services at the synagog, where I would sit on the steps leading to the Holy Ark, and proudly join in the responses of *Boruch Hu Uvoruch Shemo* (Praised be He and His name) and in the "Amens."

Even in cold weather I would beg to be taken along, and, there being no heating facilities in the old-fashioned synagog, I would put both hands into one of my father's coat pockets to keep warm, and

he would now and then stroke my face with his hand to remove the coldness.

I attended the day school maintained by the congregation and also the private Talmud school, the teacher of which, like Washington Irving's Ichabod Crane, eked out a living by boarding, a week at a time, in the homes of his pupils. And I well recollect how eagerly we looked forward to the teacher's turn at our house, as his coming meant a week of gastronomic rejoicings, for the best and most expensive dishes were prepared in his honor.

My father's fondest hope was that I should grow up to be "a light and lamp in Israel," and he watched with special solicitude my progress in the study of the Talmud. If I passed a good examination—conducted by the Rabbi on Saturday afternoons—he would reward me with an apple or a penny, given in secret, so as not to excite the jealousy of the other children. After a heavy snowfall he would carry me to school on his back, while to my back was tied a bundle of wood, the contribution every pupil was expected to make to the feeding of a green-tiled monster of a stove.

At the age of twelve I was sent to the famous

Yeshibah (Talmudical Academy) of Pressburg, Hungary, to be taken care of by a brother of my mother, Rabbi David Neumann (Lakenbach). He is the author of a Hebrew work entitled *"Nir David,"* and at the time of his death, January 6, 1908, he was the Rosh Beth Din (Chief Justice) of the Pressburg Jewish community.

To my uncle the Talmud was the all-in-all. In it he lived, moved, and had his being. With all the intensity of his fiery soul he loved traditional Judaism, and hated all modern innovations, which, he believed, are bound to lead to its destruction. He would not allow a German book to be brought into the house, and he put a ban even on Moses Mendelssohn's Bible translation, which we had been using at my father's house without any qualms of conscience. His extreme views led to my reading, unbeknown to him, any kind of a German book I could get hold of, either by borrowing or buying with the meagre pocket money at my disposal.

My progress in the study of the Talmud was so satisfactory that my uncle never learned of my secret indulgence in the tabooed studies, until informed by a fellow-student of mine, who betrayed

me, notwithstanding the precaution I had taken of binding him over to secrecy by a solemn oath in front of the Holy Ark. My uncle gave me a severe beating, coupled with the warning that a repetition of the offense would lead to expulsion from his home.

But my hunger for secular knowledge was too great to be suppressed, and I soon thereafter left for another Talmudical academy, where a broader spirit prevailed. When the Rabbinical Seminary of Budapest opened, I intended to enroll as a student, but my father was so sure that if I entered that seminary, which was condemned by the orthodox Jews of Hungary, he would lose his position, that I yielded to his entreaties, and instead entered the Rabbinical Seminary of Berlin, Germany, which was founded by the late Dr. Israel Hildesheimer.

This wonderful man, combining in his person the highest modern culture with the deepest love for and loyalty to the orthodox Jewish faith, made it his lifework to produce the same combination in the students of the Seminary. Accordingly, the study of the classics and of philosophy went hand

in hand with the reverential study of the Talmud and scrupulous observance of its precepts.

In my case the combination failed to work. At every advance in secular studies my orthodoxy lagged behind, so that I found myself no longer in sympathy and accord with the Hildesheimer platform. I therefore decided to cut the Gordian knot of theological problems by quitting the Rabbinical career and seeking a new start in life in the western hemisphere.

A most potent influence in my decision to come to America was the anti-Semitic agitation then raging fiercely in Berlin under the leadership of the court-chaplain Stoecker. The constant attacks on the Jewish race and religion made in the press and forum embittered my soul, and turned my mind towards the country that was founded on the motto: "All men are equal before the law."

On the way over I came near getting into serious trouble. On the first day out the cabin passengers amused themselves by throwing apples and nuts to the steerage passengers, most of them Jews, who scrambled and fought in a most disagreeable fashion for the things tossed to them. The next day,

when the performance was about to be repeated, I urged the passengers below not to take what was given with so much contempt. I was haled before the captain for disturbing the peace. Nevertheless, the obnoxious practice was discontinued, but for the rest of the journey I had to bear the ill-will not only of those whose proud pleasure I had disturbed, but also of those whom I had deprived of the chance of obtaining an apple at the cost of being humiliated.

In July of 1883 I landed in New York, intending to throw away "the load of learned lumber" and to make a living as thousands of young immigrants do who have never read a book in all their lives. My hope was to become a prosperous merchant, and I made a start for that final goal by peddling with suspenders. Who knows but that I might have succeeded in the end, had not my peddling career been cut short by a letter of recommendation, which I should have thrown away, too. This letter to a prominent business man of Cincinnati, Ohio, drew me to that city. The gentleman to whom the letter was addressed—either because he failed to see in me a mercantile genius, or because it was

the easiest way of getting rid of me—turned me over to the Rev. Dr. Isaac M. Wise, the founder and president of the Hebrew Union College of Cincinnati, O. (born, 1819; died, 1900).

At our very first meeting Dr. Wise seemed to take a fancy to me. He was an exceedingly sympathetic man, and it is quite probable that I interested him the more because he himself had experienced in his own life the great soul struggle which one who hates cant and hypocrisy has to undergo in his efforts to reconcile his advanced religious views with the faith of his childhood. "Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy water-spouts; all thy waves and billows are gone over me" (Ps. 42:7). Several interviews resulted in the conclusion that my religious views were not too radical for a Reform congregation. As a matter of fact, I even had a little orthodoxy to spare.

In order to facilitate my study of English, Dr. Wise took me out to his country home, where, as he jocosely remarked, even his hens cackled in English.

In the autumn of the same year (1883) I entered the Hebrew Union College, and also registered as

a student at the University of Cincinnati. Eager to acquire a thorough knowledge of the English language and of American ways and manners, I spent my leisure time in attending all kinds of meetings, where I could hear the living word and observe the American spirit in action. On Sundays I attended any church I happened to stroll into, only for the sake of seeing how the preaching is done. (What a pity that the preaching is not always *done!*)

A year later (1884) I accepted a position as Rabbi in a small congregation in Georgia, where I began to preach in English. I mention this to show how much forbearance and indulgence some Jewish congregations possess.

While in that position I attended the Mercer University of Macon, Ga., from which I was graduated (1885) with the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

In 1886 I was graduated from the Hebrew Union College of Cincinnati, with the degree of Rabbi.

In my various positions as Rabbi I failed to achieve success. I blame nobody but myself, although it would be easy to roll part of the blame

upon the shoulders of others that have contributed to my failure. But what good purpose could be accomplished thereby? A criticism of men and conditions of nearly a quarter of a century ago would require the space of a volume to be useful and the pen of a Zangwill to be readable. I have neither. The main reason for my failure as a Rabbi can perhaps best be seen from a letter by Dr. Wise, dated 1887, part of which reads as follows:

"As much as I could ascertain Sunday's general meeting will re-elect you. There is no fault found with you on the score of scholarship, activities and capabilities, but rather there is given you the praise due to a promising young man of culture. What tells against you is that you have only a few friends because you are unmindful of the **Puk Chazi Mo Ame Debar** (go out and observe the people outdoors.) You want to figure as an authority without having had time enough to acquire the confidence and the good-will of the public, even as others want to get rich in a hurry and without much labor, and if they don't succeed in short order, they grow despondent, despair, and give up the ship! That will never do. In the Talmud it says: Sof Hakovod Lovo (At the end honor comes) but not before the work. It takes years of patience and perseverance to acquire a reasonable measure of honor and confidence. There is no thriving by rapid changes. If you want to secure a future, you must settle down and gain respect in the place where you are, otherwise you will spoil your whole career. And this (the gaining of respect)

takes a little longer in America than in Europe; it requires patience, prudence, humility, and forbearance with human frailties."

(Signed) ISAAC M. WISE.

I failed to heed the good counsel of my best friend, and his words, "otherwise you will spoil your whole career," proved to be a true prophecy

CHAPTER IV

MY LIFE AS A CONVERT

In my letter requesting the Bishop to depose me from the Christian ministry I said: "Were the true facts known about the methods used in getting Jews to be baptized, the Hebrew-Christian missionaries—with a few honorable exceptions—would soon find their occupation gone."

And now, after a silence of six years, I appear before the High Court of Public Opinion to make known those true facts about the work of the Hebrew-Christian missionaries. For the sake of bringing out clearly all the salient points I present my testimony in the form of answers to questions that I thought would most likely be asked were I to testify in actual court proceedings.

In taking the witness stand, as it were, I virtually

consider myself under a solemn oath "to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

Q. Will you state the time, place, and circumstances of your baptism?

A. I was baptized in 1891, at the Chicago Hebrew Mission (an institution founded "to spread the Gospel among the Jews and to bring God's ancient people to the feet of Christ"). The ceremony was performed in the meeting room, in the presence of about one hundred people, mostly Jews living in the neighborhood of the mission, who had come to witness the strange sight. The late Reverend H. M. Scott, professor at the Chicago Theological Seminary, who officiated, opened the service with a hymn, which was followed by prayer and reading from the Bible, the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah being selected. Then Professor Scott took a goblet from the table, and pouring some water into his palm, he let it drop slowly over the crown of my head, while he pronounced the usual formula of baptism. Little did I dream then what a sea of trouble these few drops of water were preparing for me. Several addresses by missionary friends followed. I made some remarks myself,

but I have never been able for the life of me to recall what I said.

During the singing of the closing hymn most of the Jews present rose to their feet, and left the room with ill-suppressed disgust and anger. A few of them, on reaching the door, turned around and shouted to me, "How much did you get for this?" At the conclusion of the service my newly-made Christian friends gathered about me and showered upon me the heartiest congratulations, coupled with the most confident predictions of a happy life both here and hereafter.

As a matter of fact, both those who cheered and those who jeered were mistaken.

By this time I dare say, those well-meaning Christian friends will readily admit that they were mistaken in predicting that baptism would bring sunshine and happiness into my life; and if my present testimony ever reaches them they may learn the reason why their forecast of happiness was bound to remain a pious wish.

The admission of having been mistaken will not so readily, however, be made by those who shouted at me, "How much did you get for this?" The

reason is obvious. It is the most natural thing in the world to assume that a Jew becomes a Christian because of financial inducements.

The first question, then, I wish to answer is this:

Q. Did you receive any money, or was there any promise of money made to you at the time of your baptism?

A. Decidedly not. There was not a cent given to me, nor was there any promise of money made to me at the time of my baptism. Financial considerations had as little to do with my joining the Christian church as they had with my leaving it. I am fully aware that the burden of proof is on him who claims to be an exception to the rule. But where shall I look for proofs? It is impossible for me to produce positive and direct evidence in support of my statement. What I can do is to point out some facts which may serve as circumstantial evidence in my favor. Let me mention two such facts.

(1) Immediately after my baptism I entered the Chicago Theological Seminary and there lived for three years the frugal life of a poor student. Does this look like the act of one who is anxious to make

money?

(2) It is reasonable to assume that a man who from mercenary motives changes his religion is not burdened with a very sensitive conscience, and is not likely to resist a strong temptation to make money, even if he has to use underhand methods. Now, during the whole of my Christian career I never baptized a Jew. I might have doubled or trebled my income by the baptism of only one Jew, but my conscience would not let me.

Q. Well, then, what led you to be baptized?

A. The plain truth is that I made an awful mistake, a terrible blunder, but it was an error of judgment, not of the heart.

At the time I joined the Christian church I had no intention of deceiving anyone. I was deceived myself. I stumbled, because I was running too fast; I missed my aim, because I was aiming too high.

My state of mind was somewhat similar to that of a man who finds himself on the high seas in a leaking boat, which threatens to capsize at any moment. In his plight, another boat, looking staunch and seaworthy, looms up before his straining eyes. His fears magnify a thousand times the

frailty of his own and the staunchness of the other boat, and he yields to the natural impulse of saving himself by jumping into the other boat.

Even so it was with me. I had become imbued with the idea that my boat of faith was doomed — that Judaism could no longer resist the buffeting of the winds and waves of the modern spirit, when there appeared before my longing eyes the magnificent looking Christian boat of faith, and I boarded it in the hope that I should find there the things I missed in Judaism.

As far as I can remember after the lapse of more than twenty years, there were two points in particular that made me dissatisfied with Judaism and infatuated with Christianity. For one thing, I missed in Judaism the broad and liberal spirit which, I was led to believe, characterizes the Christian religion. I had come to hate Ghetto walls, whether made of brick or of ideas. I yearned to call every man brother, and have my heart beat in unison with that of all humanity. Well do I remember the glowing enthusiasm I felt on reading for the first time the following passages: "There can be neither Jew nor Greek, there can be

neither bond nor free, there can be no male and female; for ye are all one man in Christ Jesus." (Gal. 3.28.) "For he is our peace, who made both one, and brake down the middle wall of partition." (Eph. 2.14.)[1]

Another source of my dissatisfaction with Judaism was what is called, in theological parlance, its "legalism." By this is meant the stress Judaism lays upon the observance of "cold, legal forms," which, it is claimed, tend to deaden the heart. Now, in my transition from the strict orthodoxy of my

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[1] A more careful consideration of these passages lessens the surface impression they give of a universal brotherhood of man, inasmuch as the bond of unity is limited to those who believe in Christ. Around this wall of partition between believers and unbelievers there have been raging the fiercest and bloodiest wars recorded in history. Consider also this: While this Christian wall of partition between believer and unbeliever remains—according to the teaching of orthodox Christian theology—so fixed and immovable that even death itself will not break it down, Jewish theology takes a broader view and lets the barriers down after death. A well-known maxim of the Rabbis says: "The pious ones among the Gentiles will have a share in the world to come." (Tosefta Sanhedrin, chap. XII.)

boyhood to Reform Judaism, I had gradually dropped most of the Jewish forms and ceremonies. I had come to look upon them as burdensome and out of harmony with our enlightened age. Yet I was constantly haunted by the difficulty of drawing the line between things essential and things non-essential in Judaism. I felt no satisfaction in following the example of a certain divine who said: "When I meet a difficult passage in the Bible, I look the difficulty boldly in the face and—pass on." Now, when I began to read the New Testament, I was deeply impressed by the strong denunciations of forms and ceremonies I found in its pages, and I became imbued with the idea that Christianity was a religion that prescribes no set forms and ceremonies, but instead lays stress upon right living.

With all due respect for Christianity I cannot help saying that this bright picture of the Christian's freedom from forms and ceremonies is not true to life. Look at the Roman and Greek Catholic churches which out-Talmud the Talmud in their rigid insistence upon the observance of countless forms and ceremonies. Observe also the large element of "legalism" that prevails in the Protestant churches.

It is this very legalism that is the primary cause of the division of Protestant Christianity into about one hundred different sects. The Baptists, for instance, separate from other Christians on the mode of baptism, the Presbyterians on the mode of Church government, etc., etc.

Heinrich Heine facetiously referred to the paltry points of Talmudic discussion in his oft-quoted remark of "the fatal egg that was laid on the Sabbath." In the Christian theologies Heine might have found basketfuls of such eggs.

It is worthy of note, however, that when the Rabbis fought good and hard about "legalistic" points, it was only with "the sword of the spirit," while Christian theologians often caused nations to take up the sword against each other in defense of some "legalistic" point.

Q. Were you examined before your baptism as to your knowledge and belief in the articles of faith held by the Christian Church?

A. I was not. It was assumed that I knew and believed them. Nor did I examine myself much on the points of Christian belief. I had become so fascinated by the outstanding bright features

of Christianity that I did not trouble myself to inquire too deeply into its doctrines of faith, which for the time being I accepted at their face value, as millions and millions of intelligent people do, hoping that by and by I should be able to study those doctrines thoroughly, and have all doubts and difficulties settled. I was encouraged in this hope by the fact pointed out to me that some Jews of great learning had become zealous Christians, devoting their talent to the spread of their adopted faith. Books and tracts written by these men were assiduously brought to my notice by a Jewish missionary I had come in contact with, and they greatly influenced me by the evidence they furnished that scholarly Jews could be believing Christians.

Q. How did you bring yourself to accept the dogmas of the Christian church, especially that of the Trinity?

A. The Christian ministers with whom I had come in contact said very little about the creed of the church; they dwelt almost exclusively on the glories and triumphs of Christianity. It was not until I entered the Seminary, and had begun to

study the articles of faith, that I became aware of the vast and amazing amount of faith required of a true Christian believer. True, I ought to have more carefully inquired into the doctrines of the faith I was about to profess, but, as I said before, I had fallen in love with Christianity, and when a man is in love, he naturally prefers to talk with his beloved on topics that do not arouse opposition and disclose disagreements.

Of course, in a general way, I knew that Christians believed in a Trinity. But I persuaded myself that this was, after all, not an insurmountable difficulty. I reasoned somewhat like this: True, Christians profess a belief in a Trinity, but at the same time they profess to believe in the Unity of God. Now, if intelligent Christians have found it possible to harmonize this contradicton in some way or other, why should I not be able to do likewise?

The fallacy of this reasoning, as I found out when it was too late, lay in overlooking a very important fact. It is this: a man born and bred in a religious faith is in a different position from him who is only a child of the faith by adoption.

A line of reasoning satisfying to the one may be quite unsatisfactory to the other. In matters of faith the logic of the head is never pure reason. It is tinged with logic that comes from the heart, which has a logic of its own.

Moreover, while one born in the faith is allowed the widest latitude in his efforts to reconcile his faith with reason, as indeed many a Christian minister preaches with a great deal of "mental reservation," there is no such concession made to one who adopts a faith, and especially a convert from Judaism, more than another convert, is expected to swallow his faith whole or not take it at all.

Q. How could you join a Church which persecuted your ancestors for centuries?

A. The Christians with whom I affiliated were not the kind that did or would persecute the Jews. In fact, the Congregational denomination which I joined was not even in existence during the Middle Ages, and its members professed a religion of love for all men, and looked with horror upon the outrages committed in the past in the name of Christianity, from which their own ancestors suffered no less than mine. Besides, it would be unjust and un-

reasonable to blame them for what their ancestors did. "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and shall the teeth of the children be set on edge?" If people were forever to remember the wrongs inflicted on their own ancestors by their neighbors' ancestors, old feuds would have to be kept up forever, and there would be small chance for social peace and harmony.

Q. How is it that you were not restrained from taking the final step by the fear of grieving your aged father?

A. This fear made me hesitate, but it was silenced by the hope that my father, living a secluded life in a small town of Hungary, would never hear of the matter. Indeed, for many years after my baptism we continued to correspond, and I would send him occasional tokens of love. But the unspeakable meannes of heartless gossipers disclosed my misstep to him, and the old man went to his grave, at the age of ninety-five, with an added burden of sorrow.

I cannot help confessing, though, that the image of my father would often rise before my mental vision, and the contemplation of his beautiful life

had no little share in encouraging me and spurring me on to escape from the false position I was in.

Q. What did you do after your baptism?

A. Soon after my baptism I entered the Chicago Theological Seminary, an institution connected with the Congregational denomination (the Congregationalists number about 1,000,000 communicants and are in creed and doctrine very much like the Presbyterians). I remained there for three years pursuing the regular course of studies, and was graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Divinity.

Like the other students, I had a room in the dormitory, and took my meals outside. As a student's stipend, about $300 per year, does not permit patronizing high-priced restaurants, I had to content myself with fare of a kind which was unsophisticated by culinary art and refinement. The Sundays, however, brought a welcome relief from the daily grind of theological studies and gastronomical failures, through the hospitality extended to me in Christian homes, where I was treated with much kindness and consideration, not in spite of being a Jew, but because of it. For there are some Christians who are peculiarly fond of the

Jewish people and endow them with all the virtues imaginable.

On entering the Seminary I threw myself into theological studies with zeal and enthusiasm. I was full of hope that three years of thorough study would make me well-grounded in the Christian faith, and that I should emerge from the Seminary a true and sincere believer and preacher of the Gospel. There were some periods in my Seminary life when this hope seemed to be near realization; but, like a will-o'-the-wisp, it ever receded, and at the end of the three years it was still a mere hope.

Q. What did you do after graduation?

A. After being graduated from the Seminary in 1894, two courses lay open before me: either to settle down as a regular pastor of a congregation, or to take up missionary work among the Jews. The first would have been more to my liking, but I did not feel strong enough in the faith to enter upon it. The regular pastoral work requires a man to be religiously tuned up all the time, and ready to respond to the beck and call of his parishioners. I did not trust myself to perform the various Christian ceremonies used at baptisms, marriages, and

funerals in a devout, believing spirit, and to go through them in a perfunctory manner, as many a minister does, would have been irksome and distasteful. So I chose the alternative that demands no pastoral duties except preaching. Accordingly, I started my first missionary work in 1894, in Boston, Mass., the same city in which, fourteen years later, I repudiated the whole missionary business.

The very first thing I did on starting my work in Boston was to have cards printed, which announced, in fat type, that no financial aid of any sort would be given at my mission, "it being a well-known fact that the Jews take good care of their deserving poor, and the undeserving need not apply here." In spite of this, the undeserving did come, expecting to be rewarded for coming. They regarded my printed announcement as a mere trick or a joke, for they could not conceive of a missionary trying to conduct his business without giving financial help to those who help him in his business. When it was discovered that my announcement meant what it said, they stayed away, and the mission was left "as a booth in the vineyard, and as a cucumber lodge in the garden." I gave up the

work after a trial of five months, although the Congregational church was willing enough to continue the work as a new departure in mission work.

Having failed in my efforts at reforming the missionary methods, I decided to quit the field altogether, and I told my Christian friends that I intended to enter upon a business career. I left for New York City, hoping that some of my relatives living there might help me to find an honest way of making a living. Instead, they received me rather coldly. They could not understand how I could have been so foolish as to give up a missionary career, which, in their opinion, was the sure road to wealth.

After a few months of fruitless search for work, want and hunger stared me in the face, and I returned to Boston, not to engage in missionary work, but to look for some secular work. I soon found employment as a book-agent, the refuge of many a disabled minister. Among the books I was engaged in selling was a new edition of the Bible. This naturally brought me in contact with Christian people. From selling the Bible to talking about it was a short step, and before I fully realized

it I was giving lectures on the Bible in various churches.

During the four years that followed I led a wandering life as a lecturer, and visited most of the large cities of the country. My principal lecture was entitled "The Hebrews of To-Day."

I am far from being proud of it. And yet I must speak of it, as some idea of its contents is necessary to the better understanding of "My Life as a Convert."

I quote the leaflet which I used to send to ministers in advance of my coming to a town:

Instructive, Interesting

THOUSANDS OF CHRISTIANS

HAVE HEARD WITH PLEASURE AND PROFIT THE LECTURE ON

"THE HEBREWS OF TO-DAY,"

BY THE

REV. SAMUEL FREUDER, B.D.

The following is a brief analysis of the lecture:

1. The present religious condition of the Jews and the difference between the "orthodox" and the "reform" Jews.

2. Why it is that Christianity is making but slow progress among the Jews.

3. The personal experience of the speaker, and how he was led to see the truth as it is in Jesus.

4. The morning prayer of the devout Jew. (Here the speaker exhibits the phylacteries and the garment mentioned in Matthew 23:5. He also shows how the Law is read in the synagogues, and chants a Psalm in the Hebrew tongue.)

5. Three reasons why Christians should love the Jews.

AIM AND OBJECT

Mr. Freuder does not solicit aid for any society or organization whatever; nor does he come begging for himself. He comes on his own responsibility, and expects a free-will offering in return for the services he renders, as he believes that he is doing a good work:

1st. By making some passages in Scripture more real and luminous and thus strengthening the faith in the Bible.

2d. By bringing about a better understanding between Jew and Gentile, and thus preparing the way for the time when the people whom the Lord loved shall unite with the people who love the Lord.

On the surface, the fourth point of my lecture is open to severe criticism, and I was most strongly denounced for it by those who did not hear my lecture but only heard of it. In explanation I would say this:

There is a Latin proverb that says: "When two do the same thing, it is not the same thing." If some ignorant, unscrupulous convert goes about exhibiting the Tallith and Tefillin, he is likely to do it in a way that will create a feeling of contempt for things held sacred by the Jews. It was not so with me. I showed those paraphernalia of Jewish worship, not to satisfy idle curiosity, but to instruct and inform the hearers. And I did it in a most reverential spirit, as Christian ministers and daily press reporters have testified. I may mention here, that a minister told me, after complimenting me on my lecture, that he at first was in doubt about letting me speak to his people, because he had been present at a lecture given by a prominent unconverted rabbi of Baltimore, during the course of which the rabbi, exhibiting the Tallith and Tefillin, spoke in so sarcastic a vein of those who still use them that he, the Christian minister, was offended.

There can be no doubt, then, that the way I exhibited the Tallith and Tefillin was in keeping with the whole spirit of my lecture, which was that of love for the Jew.

In the year 1900 I made another attempt to escape from the anomalous life of a converted Jew. Having saved up a few hundred dollars, I was full of hope that I should succeed this time. I adopted a different method, too. While four years before, I simply slunk away like a beaten dog, I decided this time not to hide myself away, but rather seek out a few representative Jews and ask their counsel and aid. A prominent orthodox Rabbi * on whom I called received me in a brotherly way, admonished me to remain steadfast in my good resolve, and promised me his help in getting some kind of work. Quite different was the reception accorded me by another Rabbi, who asked me bluntly: "How much money have you got?" I told him. "What can you do with a few hundred dollars?" he asked derisively. "You'd better stay with the Christians until you have saved up some more money."

Ignoring this monstrous advice, which could be offered only by a Rabbi to whom the Hebrew is "all

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*The Rev. Dr. H. Pereira Mendes, Rabbi of Shearith Israel Synagog, of New York City.

Greek"—I looked about for work. After many weeks of fruitless search I found a position as a waiter, or rather as an omnibus, a waiter's assistant. For about a month all went well; then one of my knees gave out. I tried to find other employment, but failed. Homeless and penniless, broken down in health and spirit, I could not resist the temptation to enter again the lecture field.

After this second failure I gave up all hope of ever getting out of the environments I was placed in, and, resigning myself to what seemed to be my fate, I determined to make my life, as far as possible, conform with ethical standards.

A year or so later I transferred my church membership from the Congregational Church to the Protestant Episcopal Church, which church I thought was better for a man situated as I was, because in the first place, it shows a special reverence for Jewish customs and traditions, and has always cherished a feeling of admiration and love for the Jewish people, and second, because it allows greater freedom in religious matters, its platform being broad enough for the most rigid orthodox

and the most advanced thinker to meet thereon without crowding or jostling.

After one year's study at the Episcopal Divinity School of Philadelphia, I was ordained as a deacon, in 1906, and served as such in the Church of the Advent of Philadelphia for about a year. Then I went to New York City, where I became a member of the clerical staff of Grace Episcopal Church.

But hard as I tried to quiet my conscience and persuade myself that I was doing some good in the world, I had no rest. I felt miserable and wretched. In vain I endeavored to silence the accusing voice within me. I could not shut my ears to the voice of my father, with its echo of three thousand years, calling me back to the sacred hearth of Judaism around which the holy and noble aspirations of my childhood centered. When, therefore, the invitation came to me to attend the Boston meeting of Jewish missionaries, I seized the opportunity to declare myself in a way which would make a recall impossible.

Maybe the way I did it was, as a critic remarked, "somewhat theatrical," but I felt that I must make an open declaration, so as to burn all bridges behind

me and put myself out of the missionary camp for all time to come. How well I succeeded in this may be seen in the first chapter of this book.

This brief review of my life as a convert will suffice to show my qualification to testify concerning the methods and men employed by the missions to the Jews.

CHAPTER V

MISSIONARY WORK AMONG ADULTS

Christianity is pre-eminently a missionary religion. At its very beginning the disciples were commanded to "preach the gospel to every creature," and this command was often carried out by later disciples with so much zest and zeal that they violated the very teachings of the gospel they proclaimed. More especially was this the case in preaching the Gospel to the Jews, when, alas, too often, the pyre was substituted for the pulpit, and the hangman for the spokesman.

Happily these times have passed away, and the Christian missionary spirit works through deeds of kindness and love. Nowadays the methods used in converting Jew or Gentile must be able to stand

the test of decency and honesty in order to be approved by an enlightened Christian.

Do the special missions to the Jews come up to this indispensable requirement?

There is no use mincing words. The whole Jewish missionary business as conducted by professional converts is steeped in dishonesty and trickery. To it may be applied the words of Isaiah, "From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it." It is rotten from core to rind, from top to bottom.

It is only fair to state, that most, if not all, of the Christian supporters of Jewish missions are unaware of the fraudulent nature of the work done, and have no inkling of its evil effects upon those who happen to fall into the missionary's net. Their missionary zeal makes them blind and deaf to anything that might disturb their sweet illusion of being instrumental in bringing the glad tidings to "the lost sheep of the house of Israel." They come to look upon any criticism of the work or the workers as inspired by Satan himself, who, in the language of prayer meetings, "trembles at the sound of the Gospel and strives with all his might to

hinder its triumphant progress."

This easygoing and self-complacent attitude of his patrons is taken advantage of by the Jewish missionary. Whenever his character or the methods of his work are attacked, he promptly assumes the martyr role, casts his eyes heavenward, bows his head, and moves his lips as if in prayer for his persecutors. For this reason, I have thought it best not to give the names of those whose doings will be laid bare in the following pages, lest some of them may be benefited financially by my mentioning their names. I know of the case of a Jewish missionary who was accused of various offences. His best friend, or "angel," to use a theatrical expression, instead of investigating the charges, sent him a big check with this quotation from the New Testament: "Blessed are ye when men shall reproach you and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake." This overconfiding Christian must have overlooked the word "falsely" in the text quoted.

Another and more cogent reason for my suppressing the names of the professional converts is this: Suppose one of those unfortunates plucked

up courage enough to quit the missionary game and be a man again, would not the fact that his name and his doings have been published in permanent book-form prove a discouraging factor in his struggle for freedom? Surely, of all men I should be the last to put the slightest obstacle in the road of anybody who is striving to find his way back to the fold.

One more preliminary remark, and I shall place myself again, as it were, on the witness stand.

My testimony refers only to those Jewish missions which are operated in this country. Of them I can unfortunately say, "All of these I saw; part of them I was." Of the missionary work in England and other parts of the world, I have merely a hearsay knowledge, and therefore I do not feel competent to testify concerning them. But this much I may say: I have met several Jewish missionaries from abroad, and have become intimately acquainted with a number of the converts they have turned out, and it does not appear to me that the foreign-made brand of Jewish missionaries is in any wise superior to that produced in this country.

Q. How many Jewish missions are there in

the world?

A. According to the latest missionary statistics there are more than fifty societies engaged in the work of converting the Jews to Christianity. The membership of these societies is composed of those who are members of various Protestant churches. The Roman Catholic church has at present no special missions to the Jews. Of course, she is now as eager as ever to take the Jew to her holy bosom, but for some reason she does not set up a special machinery for the saving of Jewish souls.

As for the Greek Catholic church, why should she spend money and sweet words on the conversion of the Jew? The old-fashioned method of driving the Jew into the church by fear and force is good enough for her. The legal disabilities of the Jew in Russia, accentuated by an occasional pogrom, bring to her as many converts—and probably just as sincere ones—as are made by the gentler methods adopted by more civilized Christians.

Q. What is the number of salaried people in the employ of these societies?

A. Over five hundred paid agents or helpers

are reported. Of this number more than half are Jews by birth, who have been converted, and therefore are believed to be best fitted to act as bell-wethers, to bring in the "lost sheep of the house of Israel." The others, born Christians, assist at the mission services, and attend to the administrative part of the work.

Q. What is the number of baptisms reported by these societies?

A. The total number of baptisms reported by these societies during the nineteenth century as the results of their work is 13,400. How many of this number were baptized more than once and how many failed to stay "baptized" the reports do not say.

Q. How many of such societies are there in this country?

A. More than twenty-five, or about half of the total number of Jewish missions in the world are operated in this country. On the surface this high figure looks like a confirmation of Barnum's dictum that "the American people like to be humbugged." The real reason for the existence of so many societies in this country lies in the fact that almost

every large city with a big Jewish population has a society of its own—some have more than one—which covers the local field only, while in Europe there are some societies that have branches in different parts of the world, where the work is carried on under the name and supervision of the parent society.

Q. How is the money needed for the work raised?

A. There are several societies in Europe with large incomes derived from bequests made to them by pious people. There is, for instance, the London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, the income of which in the year 1900 was $233,650, mostly from legacies. In this country, however, there is hardly any society with an endowment fund, and the money needed is raised partly by regular annual subscriptions made by churches and individuals, and partly by contributions received from the Christian public at large. In a few instances the mission has no regular subscribers, and depends entirely upon occasional offerings. This is called in the missionary lingo "living by faith," which means that the poor

missionary labors and toils in the trusting faith that all his needs will be supplied by a kind Providence. His faith is, however, not of the resigned and inactive sort. On the contrary, he assiduously assists Providence by urging all good Christians to help him in his "work of faith."

The following is a typical appeal for funds made in behalf of a mission. Even the reference to the saloon-keeper is typical, as this individual is generally made to figure in these appeals, so as to "touch" those who would not contribute to any work that does not in some way or other benefit the temperance cause.

"OUR NEEDS."

A permanent Mission House. An Organ, the one now in use is borrowed. A large stove. Money to buy fuel. Money for rental of Mission Hall, now due. A saloon-keeper is trying to secure the building at a higher rent. It is most important that the Mission should secure the building by the year.

Money for the printing of tracts; also toward the support of a Christian Jew who will assist at the mission and in visitation.

Money for relief work among the poor refugees is always needed.

Desired also the prayers of God's people, that these pressing needs may be supplied out of His abounding riches

and fulness, and thus the blessed Kingdom of our Common Lord may be hastened.

"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem." Ps. 122:6.

Such appeals for money are usually attached to reports of the mission work, which are printed in pamphlet form or in periodicals published by the mission. Since even the most pious American is, as a rule, too practical to spend money on mission work that shows no results, these reports never fail to tell of the great success attending the work. If there are not actual conversions to report, there are at least some "earnest inquirers into the Truth," about whom there are always some "touching" stories to be told. For instance, to quote from such a report: "A very pious and learned Jew who is fully convinced of the truth, told the missionary that he was afraid to let anybody but the missionary know about it, lest he be persecuted by the Jews"; or "Some poor Jewish family which the missionary relieved by paying the overdue rent was so overcome by this manifestation of Christian love, that the father, with tears trickling down his long beard, begged to be given a New Testament in Yiddish so that he might study and learn the

source of that Christian love."

An actual baptism of a Jew is, of course, reported with much clamor. The picture of the new convert is printed, and the circumstances of his conversion, all of a stereotyped kind, are related in a manner to impress upon the friends of the mission how "mightily the Lord is working in our midst," and how "the Gospel is melting the stony heart of Israel." In most cases, however, the new "catch" is nothing much to brag about, being neither flesh, fish, nor even good red herring, and all that he is good for is to be used as bait in fishing for other Jewish souls.

Q. What are the methods adopted by these societies in their efforts to convert the Jews?

A. The agencies commonly employed by these societies in the furtherance of their work are: 1. Preaching services. 2. Meetings for inquirers. 3. Free Reading Rooms. 4. House to house visitations. 5. Medical dispensaries.

Q. When and where are the preaching services held?

A. Saturday is usually set apart for the preaching services, because on that day the ortho-

dox Jew, who is looked upon as the most hopeful subject for conversion, is at leisure and can attend. The place of service is also chosen with an eye to the orthodox Jew, who would be disinclined to enter a church building, and therefore the service is held in a public hall hired for the purpose.

Q. How are the Jews invited to the preaching services?

A. Some hours before the service begins the helpers of the mission distribute, on the street, handbills printed in Yiddish, which read like this:

A Derosho (sermon) for Jews. Rev. ——— preaches every Saturday afternoon at ———.

Everybody welcome.

The wording of this handbill is cunningly devised. It does not give the slightest intimation of the real nature of the meeting it advertises. It does not say that the Reverend ——— is a converted Jew who preaches Christianity, and does not even mention the word "Christian." And why? Because it is designed to attract some people who

would never go to the meeting if its missionary character were made known to them beforehand.

Imagine a newly arrived immigrant walking on one of the crowded streets of New York's East Side. He gazes at the strange faces round about him, and yearns for the familiar faces he left behind. He is given a handbill like the one quoted. He grasps it eagerly, stops to read it, and walks on, still reading it aloud to himself. He shakes his head and reads it over again. How strange, he begins to murmur, that a Rabbi should advertise his *Derosho* in such a way. Especially puzzling to him is the announcement "Admission free." In the first place, he argues, who ever heard of paying to hear a sermon? And in the second place, even if such payment were customary in this freak of a country, how could it be made on the holy Sabbath? He makes up his mind to see for himself what this curious thing is, and goes straightway to the meeting place. When he arrives, he finds an affable usher at the door, who receives him with a welcome that is warm and genuinely sincere. I say genuinely sincere, for no matter how insincere everything else said or done at the meeting may be, the welcome

given to the newcomer is sincere beyond any doubt. And why shouldn't it be? Apart from the hope that the stranger may become a convert, his very presence is a source of comfort and gain, because he helps to fill the hall as well as the pockets of the missionary.

The cordial handshake given to him, perhaps the first he has experienced since he set foot on these golden shores, is rather bewildering, and might well arouse the greenhorn's suspicions, because at Jewish meetings they would not make so much fuss about a stranger. But his short stay in this land of great possibilities has impressed him with the idea that all things are possible here, and it may be customary to welcome a stranger in a synagogue, even if he presents no prosperous appearance.

He takes his seat and soon discovers what kind of a place he is in. He feels chagrined and knows not what to do. If his religious scruples are stronger than his curiosity, he hurriedly leaves the hall, giving vent to his outraged feelings. But the missionary does not mind that. Shortlived as his attendance was, it nevertheless counts, and he is referred to in the missionary's report as one of those "dear Jewish

brethren who throng the hall, eager to learn more about the gospel of Christ."

Sometimes the newcomer's curiosity overcomes his religious scruples, and makes him stay to see the thing through. Next Saturday he comes again to enjoy the free show and to have the pleasure of voicing his displeasure after it is over, or even while it is going on. He comes again and again, until the novelty wears off, and he finds another place to spend his Sabbath afternoons. It does, however, happen, though rarely, that he gets entangled in the missionary's net, and in the end pays dearly for accepting the invitation to a "*a sermon for Jews*, admission free."

Q. What sort of people make up the audience at these preaching services?

A. Besides those who happen to be attracted by handbills, there are those who attend regularly every Saturday. They are mostly men between eighteen and forty years of age. Sometimes an elderly man may be seen in the audience, who, upon investigation, turns out to be indebted to the mission for some charity bestowed upon his family. Some of them work during the week, and

find this a good place to while away Saturday's leisure time, while others, out of work and funds, find refuge here from the heated pavements or the cold blasts of the streets. As to religious views, the audience is greatly diversified. Most of them have received the religious training usually given in Eastern Europe. They know the Pentateuch fairly well, have some knowledge of the other books of the Old Testament, and, in some rare instances, a smattering of the Talmud. But of the great history of the Jewish people extending over a period of four thousand years, they hardly know the bare outlines; and of the ethical truths of Judaism they have only a faint conception. While they nominally adhere to orthodox ways and regulate their daily living in accordance with its requirements, yet on slight temptation they become rather lax and indifferent.

There is also in the audience a sprinkling of so-called "radicals," that is, those who loudly proclaim their emancipation from all forms of religion, the followers of which they declare to be either hypocrites or idiots. These "radicals" applaud all that the speakers say in deprecation of orthodox Juda-

ism, but listen in sullen silence to the praises of the substitute offered by the advocates of Christianity.

In his reports of the meetings the missionary does not separate the sheep from the goats, and he tells his patrons how the Jews are crowding the meetings "yearning and thirsting for the living waters of the Gospel."

Q. How is the preaching service conducted?

A. The meeting is opened with song and prayer. The singing, being usually done by Christian visitors who are moved by the missionary spirit to help in the work, is often very impressive, and is a redeeming feature in an atmosphere surcharged with hypocrisy and falsehood.

It may not be without interest to get a glimpse of some of these Christian helpers as they make their appearance on the platform.

Here comes the organist, a plainly but neatly dressed woman past thirty. She is employed in a department store owned by Jews, and therefore she declares herself to be especially moved to devote her Saturday half-holiday to the work of converting the Jews. Taking her seat at the little

organ, she bows in prayer, writes down the numbers of the hymns selected, and hands the slip of paper to the missionary, who, occupying the front chair, is reading the Bible with one eye and watching the door with the other.

Of a different type is the lady just now entering. She is the wife of a very rich man, and looks every inch a liberal patron of the mission. The missionary rises to meet her, and putting on his most Christian smile he conducts her to the largest and most comfortable chair. Her interest in Jewish missions, she says, was awakened by the fact that one of her dearest girl friends happens to have been a Jewess.

Who is this coming up to the platform smiling all over? He likes to call himself "the happy Christian," and is never so happy as when he can tell people how miserable a sinner he has been. His smile never comes off except when he works himself up to such a height of happiness that his overcharged feelings find relief in a flood of tears.

This demonstrative "happy Christian" is closely followed by a dark-complexioned young man of about twenty-five, wearing a scared look and a brand new suit of clothes. He takes a seat in an

obscure corner, and wipes his perspiring face. The audience turns its gaze towards him, and he is trying to conceal his features with a hymn book. This unhappy looking individual, a recent convert from Judaism, was baptized only a few weeks ago, and he will presently be called upon to tell his Jewish brethren how happy he has been ever since he has found the Messiah.

A tall, thin, and partially bald man, briskly steps on the platform, rushes to a vacant chair and goes down on his knees in prayer. He reminds one of the facetious remark made about the early Puritans, who first fell upon their knees, then upon the aborigines. In his case the aborigines are the immigrants from foreign countries, who, as he claims, are the cause of all the Sabbath desecration and other ungodliness infesting this land of ours. Presently he will state it as his firm belief that unless the Jews become converted the country is sure to go to the bow-wows. His anti-Semitic harangues would be sure to invoke a riot, were it not for the fact that the greater part of the audience do not understand English. At one time the missionary tried to sidetrack his anti-Semitic outbursts by

inviting him to lead in prayer instead of addressing the meeting. But the scheme failed to work. He told the Lord in prayer why he was moved to pray for the conversion of the Jews. This *enfant terrible* of the mission must be tolerated, because he is a generous contributor.

What makes the missionary's face flush with anger? A very unwelcome visitor is just entering the hall. He is what might be called a floating missionary. Instead of establishing a mission of his own, he finds it more profitable to use other missions to do his preaching in, although most of his supporters are led to believe that he conducts a mission of his own. Nor is this all. After the meeting he gets acquainted with those who are considered hopeful subjects of conversion, and tries to persuade them to come to him for baptism. Small wonder, then, that this peripatetic and parasitic missionary arouses the anger of the presiding missionary, who, however, fearing to offend him, swallows his chagrin, beckons him to the platform, and gives him a hearty handshake. In a little while he will introduce him as "a beloved brother in Christ and a fellow-worker in the vineyard of the Lord."

After the reading from the Scriptures, both in English and Yiddish, the sermon is preached in Yiddish. The average missionary has only one sermon, which he preaches year in and year out. A man with enough education to enable him to compose a sermon each week does not remain long in the Jewish mission field. He varies this sermon by selecting each time a different text, which, with a little maneuvring, leads up to *the* sermon.

There are, though, some clever missionaries, who have the knack of entertaining their hearers by telling some funny stories or by commenting upon some current events in an interesting way. They can indulge in that kind of preaching with the more freedom as their Christian friends on the platform are not supposed to understand the Yiddish. Yet a missionary who places too much reliance upon the Christian ignorance of the Yiddish, is sometimes left in the lurch. I know of a case in which a missionary got himself into a heap of trouble because he was accused of failing to emphasize in his sermon the doctrine that nobody can be saved except by the blood of Christ. He had been informed against by his assistant, a convert, who was trying to get

his job.

Q. How does the audience behave during the sermon?

A. The audience being composed of such heterogeneous elements as described above, it is natural to expect that its behavior will vary according as one or the other element predominates. Above all things, it is a wide-awake audience, and in this it differs from a regular church or synagog audience, which is inclined to be somnolent. The Yiddish speakers are occasionally interrupted with exclamations of protest and dissent. The interruptions proceed from different motives. Some hearers with strong Jewish feelings get angry at the speaker, and are unable to sit still while their deeply cherished faith is being attacked, while others, cold and indifferent to religion, will listen with placid, stolid composure as long as the missionary directs his attacks against the Jewish tradition, but they show signs of impatience and displeasure the moment he argues in favor of the Christian religion. There are still others who have the hoodlum spirit, and delight in raising a disturbance simply for disturbance sake. They are of a kind that would just as

lief create a disturbance in a synagog if they had a chance. And, finally, there are some who interrupt from the same motive as actuates those whom they interrupt, namely, pecuniary gain. Sometimes an impecunious and impudent fellow will come to the meetings, and, with the assistance of a few of his companions, will try to make himself so obnoxious by constant interruptions that the missionary finds it advantageous to buy his good behavior with a few dollars, which the gang leader divides with his comrades.

Disturbances of a mild type, however, are not altogether displeasing to the missionary, as they are taken by his Christian friends on the platform as an unfailing sign that the sermon is of the right stuff, stirring up the hearers and causing "the leaven of the Gospel to ferment." In fact, some of his Christian friends would be disappointed if the meeting were to go on without any disturbance.

Q. What follows the sermon?

A. After the sermon the meeting is turned into a testimonial meeting, that is, everybody is invited to testify for Christ by telling what is technically known as his "Christian experience." This oppor-

tunity is eagerly seized by those on the platform, who take turns in telling of the marvellous things the Lord has done for them since they have accepted Christ, and exhorting all present to accept him as their Savior. Such testimonies given by born Christians are listened to in respectful silence by the audience, though only a few of them understand English enough to comprehend their meaning. But the moment a "converted Jewish brother" rises to speak a wave of antagonism sweeps through the audience, and his speech is received with signs of hostility and disgust, while the platform people are delighted over this living illustration of the power of the Gospel to break the "stony heart" of a Jew.

The hope and encouragement given to the Christian friends by the testimony of a converted Jew makes such testimony of great value to the missionary, and the more so if it comes from one of his own converts. In that case his reputation as an efficient "winner of souls" is greatly enhanced, and his fame spreads throughout all the churches represented on the platform. In the absence of a convert of his own he is glad to get any kind of convert, and it pays him to hold out inducements

for such testimonies.

One case of this kind may be cited here. I can vouch for the substantial truth of the story, but not for all the details. It happened this way:

On a cold evening of the year 1907, three "comrades" were sitting in a little lunch-room on Rivington Street, when the oft-recurring question came up: "What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, having not a cent in our pocket?" One of the company suggested trying the mission game. This was considered a fine plan, and Lemke—that was not his exact name—was selected to do the stunt. For a whole week he was coached by one of his companions that had been loafing around Jewish missions, though he never was converted, and had become familiar with all the stock phrases pious Christians delight to hear from the lips of a Jewish convert. Lemke studied hard and rehearsed his part every night at the lunch-room. On Saturday afternoon he appeared at the meeting, fit and ready, and the testimony he gave was marvellous. He quoted from the Bible so fluently and convincingly, he rolled his big eyes so piously, and concluded with a prayer so touching, that he drew tears from

the Christians present. When the meeting closed, the delighted missionary slipped a ten dollar bill into Lemke's capacious paw. That night there was a jolly company in the Rivington Street lunch-room. Lemke had to show them over and over again how he fooled those religious "guys," and there was no end of ridicule poured out not only against the faith represented by the mission, but against any and every kind of religion.

CHAPTER VI

MISSIONARY WORK AMONG ADULTS
(Continued)

Q. What is the nature and character of an "inquirer's meeting?"

A. One evening of the week is set apart for a meeting for inquirers. In the missionary lingo an "inquirer" is one who, though not a Christian, is yet desirous of inquiring into the truth of Christianity. Like the preaching services these meetings are free to all, but they are not much advertised, and the attendance rarely exceeds twenty. Yet, as I shall presently show, they are by far the most

important factor in the mission work and the most dangerous weapon in the hand of an unscrupulous missionary.

The meeting is opened with a long and perfervid prayer when Christian friends are present, but when they are absent, it is likely to be short, cold and *blood*-less. After the reading of a Scripture lesson, the missionary stands ready to answer questions. These come thick and fast, and are such as would "puzzle Solomon's wisdom and try Job's patience." The experienced missionary knows pretty well what sort of questions will crop up, and he has his stereotyped answers ready. For instance, the ever-recurring question about the miraculous birth of Christ he answers by reading Isaiah's prophecy, "behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son." (Isaiah 7:14.) (At the present time Christian scholars of the Hebrew language agree with Jewish scholars, that a mistake has been made in the translation of this famous text. The Hebrew word "Ha-Almah," which was rendered "the virgin," should have been translated "the maiden," or "the young woman.")

This argument from prophecy is re-enforced by

history. The speaker goes back to Adam, and points out that his coming into the world was no less supernatural and marvellous than that of Christ.

As for the Trinity, the missionary claims to believe in it with all his heart. He justifies his belief by an argument like this: Does not the Hebrew word for God, Elohim, have a plural ending? Is it not written, "And God said, Let *us* make man in *our* image?" Did not the angel of the Lord appear unto Abraham? And who could this angel have been, if not Christ? And so, he argues, we can find throughout the whole of the Old Testament plenty of proofs for a Trinity, if we only seek for them in a prayerful spirit. He does not explain though how it happens that the Jews, who of all men ought to be able to read their own Old Testament aright, never found a Trinity in it, nor does he tell his inquirers that the most learned Christian scholars of modern times have practically abandoned all efforts to prove the doctrine of the Trinity from the Bible. The missionary, however, claims to be fully convinced that it is there, and he habitually winds up his long string of proof-texts with this quotation from the Psalms, "Open Thou mine

eyes and I shall behold wondrous things of Thy law." (Ps. 119:18.)

These meetings do not always run smoothly. Sometimes an inquirer will show his dissatisfaction with the answers given in a rather demonstrative manner, and will not hesitate to hurl accusations of dishonesty and fraud at the missionary. Such an obstreperous "inquirer" is often forcibly ejected either by the other inquirers, or in case the offender is likely to display physical as well as mental resistance, by a policeman, who is called in or stationed at the door for such an emergency.

But the best argument in favor of the missionary's cause, and the one which he relies upon most, is kept in the background until after the close of the meeting. Then the impecunious "inquirers" step up to the missionary, one at a time, to tell their hard luck stories. A little help is given to every one that asks. The amount varies greatly, sometimes it is as low as ten cents. But a dime means a great deal to a homeless man in a big city. The "inquirer" leaves the meeting somewhat relieved and not a little hopeful that he will get more on his next attendance. For it is commonly understood that the

oftener a man comes to the meeting, the larger the missionary's bounty grows. And if, after repeated attendance, he shows signs of being interested in Christianity, he is sure of being taken in hand by the missionary and becoming a subject of his solicitudinous care. Those signs may be manifested in various ways, as, for instance, by asking a question in a reverential spirit, or by helping to distribute the hymn books, or by bowing his head during the prayer. The last is a sign of a highly advanced state, and is looked upon as being the next step to conversion. When the "inquirer" is ready to be converted, the missionary takes him in hand, provides him with a home, and tries to get him some employment in a Christian shop or store. Before long such an "inquirer" blossoms out into a full-fledged believer, and the mission has another lost soul to its credit.

Most of the "inquirers," however, remain in a chronic stage of "inquiry" until they find work, or until the missionary, getting tired of their indecision, gives them up as hopeless cases, and refuses further help.

A curious case of such an abandoned "inquirer"

came to my knowledge in New York City. This "inquirer," although no longer in favor with the missionary, managed to turn an "honest" penny by piloting some of his friends and acquaintances to the meetings, who would give him a "commission" from the money obtained from the missionary.

Q. What is the general effect produced by these meetings upon the minds of those who attend?

A. As may be expected, these meetings do no good, and can only harm those who attend them. If the "inquirer" happens to be in a confused religious state of mind, the discussions at these meetings make his confusion worse confounded; if his faith in Judaism is weak, they weaken it still more. In recommending Christianity the missionaries must needs deprecate Judaism, and some of them do it with a vengeance, especially those who have Gentile wives. The "inquirer," therefore, losing whatever grip he had on Judaism, and failing to get hold of Christianity, sinks into religious nihilism.

That the missionary's bounty tends to debase the character of its recipients is self-evident.

Q. What is the nature and object of a Free Reading Room?

A. Missions working in large cities often rent a store in a Jewish neighborhood and fit it up as a Free Reading Room. The sign over the door or in the window invites the passer-by to come in, but it fails to indicate the Christian character of the place, so that many a young man enters who would not care or dare to enter a missionary place. The books on the shelves are mostly of a religious character, a few of a general character being added for appearance sake. The tables are strewn with Bibles and tracts in Yiddish. There is not much reading done in these reading rooms, for, as soon as a stranger takes a seat, he is approached by the missionary or his helper, and the conversation is adroitly turned into the religious channel. Pretty soon a discussion is started, in which the other visitors take part, while the missionary sits by and complacently listens to their disputations.

Sometimes young men filled with socialistic or anarchistic ardor try to "capture" the reading room and use it to propagate their own theories among those who happen to come in, while Christian capitalists pay the rent and the gas bills. At times they bring along their own books and periodicals,

and insist that they are at liberty to read what they please in a *free* reading room. The missionary is disposed to treat these intruders leniently and to wink at their piratical tactics, because they bring life into the place, and also because they figure in his report, when he tells his patrons that the large attendance at the Reading Room shows "a growing desire on the part of young Jews to know more of Christ."

Occasionally there is a social evening at the Reading Room, when Christian ladies come and serve light refreshments. They do this with so much grace that the Jews who attend inevitably ask: Why don't the high-toned Jewish ladies ever try to mingle with the poorer classes and serve them with a plate of ice cream? A question which I must leave for the Jewish ladies themselves to answer.

These social evenings are made use of by the missionary to attract people, and also to show his patrons the effectiveness of his work among the Jews. A very successful missionary was in the habit of using a cunning trick in connection with such socials. He would first tell the visiting Chris-

tians that most of the Jews present are won for Christ, and are almost ready to be baptized, which statement he is about to verify by calling upon all who love Jesus to rise. Then he would address the audience in Yiddish, and request all those who feel grateful for the refreshments offered by the ladies to show their gratitude by rising. Of course, everybody would rise, and the Christians were deeply impressed with the prospective "rich harvest."

Q. What is a Shop-Window Mission?

A. This is a new idea in the Jewish mission field, and its originator was undoubtedly driven to it by a desire to get ahead of his rivals. Competition, the soul of trade, plays a part also in the trade in souls. This new invention is not half so interesting as the way in which it is announced. Let me reproduce the whole leaflet in which the novel method is described:

JEWISH BIBLE SHOP-WINDOW MISSIONS.

The plan of this work is commercial, and truly it is a commercial people to whom it appeals. No one better than the Jew understands how to push forward a business enterprise, and none can better appreciate the use of business methods to secure his attention. Many in fact

cannot be reached any other way than through the channels of trade, and the purpose of this mission is to excite Jewish interest by means of business devices. A shop is secured in the principal Jewish thoroughfare of a city, and the window is made attractive with open Bibles and tracts and Texts in all the languages used by the people of the dispersion. Invitations of welcome draw the inquirer into the shop where the attendant meets him and explains the nature of the Wares. He is given tracts in his own tongue, and, if earnest, is presented with a copy of the New Testament. A good reading room is at his disposal if tired, or desirous of quiet for reading or writing.

We show him our manner of correspondence with the Firm for whom we are agents, at noon and evening worship. We endeavor by all right means to draw the Jew into business relations with the same Firm with whom we deal. We are satisfied Their Word is true, and we wish to induce Jews to put it to the test as we have for ourselves. Our principle is, "Freely ye have received, freely give."

We are asking the Head of our house to send willing agents, and open Jewish Bible Shop-Windows in all the leading commercial centres of the United States. The Firm says: "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" Who is willing to accept the agency in Boston, New York, Cincinnati, or St. Louis; or in any city where Israelites abound?

Full Scripture Texts on cardboard, hanging over the sidewalk as swinging signs, or tacked outside of doors or buildings, as well as inside; a table with free Bible literature in the street or any device used by street merchants to attract attention, may be used in this work.

Similar Shop-Windows have been opened in Baltimore, Wilmington and Harrisburg, with daily united prayer for a wide extension.

"For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek."

There is daily Bible study, but no preaching. With confidence in the Word we avoid all private interpretation or teaching other than the literal Text.

We may smile at this grotesque announcement, but the plan is being widely adopted, and no Jewish neighborhood is now safe from the infliction of a "shop-window mission."

Q. What is the purpose of the "house to house visitations"?

A. In his report the missionary claims that he is accomplishing much good by visiting Jewish families. He distributes Yiddish literature, and takes the opportunity of talking to the people about the salvation of their souls. These visits are, however, for the most part fictitious. There is hardly a respectable Jewish family which a Jewish missionary could visit after his identity is made known. In all my experience I have known of only one such case, and the reason was because the missionary proved to be a cheerful loser at a friendly game of poker he took a hand in. There are, however, several missions in large cities through which "house to house visitations" are actually made, not by the missionary himself, but by born Christians, who are

more readily admitted into Jewish homes. Although unable to talk Yiddish, they often succeed in making friends by means of various acts of helpfulness in household matters, and though they rarely make much of an impression upon the parents, they often gain their consent to have the children attend the mission school.

As for the religious literature distributed by these visitors, the recipients often put them to uses never dreamed of by the pious donors.

Q. What becomes of the convert after his baptism?

A. The arrangement usually made is as follows: For a number of weeks after his baptism the convert stays at the mission, enjoying as it were the honeymoon of his conversion. During this time he accompanies the missionary to various meetings, at which he is presented to the audiences as a living illustration of the power of the Gospel to touch the heart of a Jew, as a "brand plucked from the fire," and as a forerunner of the glorious time coming when "all Israel shall be saved." He is taught to make a little speech, which he delivers in more or less broken English, punctuated with the oddest

gestures. He is listened to with the keenest attention, and one can well imagine his feelings of pride in finding himself the cynosure of so many well-dressed and cultured people, who hang upon his lips and drink in every word he utters. His "experience" has three stereotyped points, namely:

1. His unhappy condition while he was unconverted. He felt that he was a sinner, but he could find nobody to free him from his sin.

2. His present happiness, which is beyond all earthly dreams. He has cast all sins away, and there is nothing to compare with the happiness he is enjoying every minute of his glorious Christian life.

3. He is happy in spite of the great sacrifices he had to make in becoming a Christian. He is already being ostracized by his friends, and is sure to be disinherited and disowned by his parents as soon as they hear of his conversion. I once heard this statement, made by a young fellow who afterwards admitted that he never was in great danger of being disinherited, because in the first place, his parents never possessed anything to be disinherited

from, and, in the second place, they had been dead for the last ten years.

After the new convert has finished making the rounds of the various churches from which the missionary funds flow, his presence at the mission house grows less and less desirable. *Der Mohr hat seine Schuldigkeit gethan, der Mohr kann gehen.* Sometimes the missionary finds some Christian friend who is an employer of labor, and is willing to give the new convert a chance to earn his living. If the convert has still some manhood left in him, he takes the offered opportunity and sticks to his "Christian" job, until he secures some other employment without the help of his conversion. The moment he succeeds in this, he cuts loose from the missionary, and tries to forget all about his conversion, which he looks back upon as a youthful prank, committed under the stress of dire poverty. In some cases, however, the convert, after a few months of laziness at the mission house, has lost all taste for work. What is the use of being converted, he reasons, if I have to work just as hard as I did before my conversion? But his Christian friends think differently. They expect a convert to work harder than

ever before, so as to prove his sincerity, and they show little inclination to provide him with an easy job. But the convert remembers with bitterness how the missionary, when persuading him to become a Christian, dropped so many significant hints of the life of ease and plenty enjoyed by a Christian, and he becomes disgruntled and resentful. Fearing a scandal, the poor missionary does his best to pacify the unruly convert, and supports him for a while out of the funds which he collects under the designation of "contributions for converts who suffer because the Jews persecute them." But soon the convert gets tired of the meagre fare, interlarded with pious talk, and quits in disgust. He takes up the thread of life where he dropped it before the conversion episode, and sometimes his Christian experience results in making him a more faithful Jew. Anyway, he is lost to Christianity.

There are isolated cases in which the convert decides to enter the missionary career and to do unto others as he was done by. How little the Christian Church is benefited by such workers, will be shown further on, when I shall tell of the Jewish missionaries I have met.

CHAPTER VII

MISSIONARY WORK AMONG CHILDREN

The man who steals candy from a child is a gentleman compared with one who takes from a child the implicit faith in the goodness of its parents' race and religion. This mean business of getting Jewish children away from the Jewish faith was always repugnant to me, and I never had a mission school for children. Nor could I ever quite understand how some very good and kind-hearted Christians could lend their support to this work of "child-stealing." This term may seem harsh, but I have good authority for using it, as it was applied by a high dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church to the

efforts of certain Protestant Settlement houses in New York City.

One can imagine what these enthusiastic Christians would think of and do to a Mahometan, or a Mormon, or even a Christian belonging to another denomination, who should attempt to convert their own children. But they consider it quite right and proper to invade a Jewish neighborhood for the purpose of getting Jewish children away from the faith of their parents. It all depends upon whose ox has been gored.

This unethical religious activity is commonly excused on the ground that a Christian must obey his Master's command, expressed in the words: "Suffer little children to come unto me." The weakness of this excuse, even when looked at from a Christian point of view, will best be shown by reading the whole passage wherein that sentence occurs. Let me quote it:

"And they were bringing unto him little children, that he should touch them; and the disciples rebuked them. But when Jesus saw it, he was moved with

indignation, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me; forbid them not: for of such is the Kingdom of God." (Mark 10:13-14.)

Now, who were "they" that brought the little children? Why, of course, the parents, who are the God-appointed guardians of their children. Who would have dared bring to Jesus children without the knowledge and consent of their parents, or even against the will of their parents? That this is done by missionary hirelings, the following testimony will amply prove.

Q. How is a mission school conducted?

A. Several times a week Jewish boys and girls assemble at the mission rooms, where they are formed into classes for the study of certain subjects not generally taught in the public schools, such as needlework, singing, etc. The teachers are Christian volunteers, who perform their tasks with only one object in view, to impress the truth of Christianity upon the young minds of their pupils. But this main object is at first carefully left in the background. The newcomers would be frightened away, if the mention of Christ was too noticeable. Accordingly, at the first few sessions, the opening

prayer is of a general character, from which even the name of Jesus is cautiously omitted, and only the phrase "our Lord" used. The same precaution is used in the selection of the hymns. After the classes are well organized, the teacher gradually grows bolder, and eventually she lets the cat out of the bag, and plainly tells the pupils to "give their hearts to Jesus." When this stage is reached, there is generally a falling off in the attendance, but the zealous teacher consoles herself with the hope that "the remnant of Israel" will be saved.

Those children who continue to come to the mission school, even after the proselytizing efforts are not longer masked, carefully keep from their parents the knowledge of the nature of the school they are attending, which can be done the more easily as the mother is too much burdened with her household duties and difficulties, and the father, on coming home from work, is too fatigued and exhausted, to inquire into the character of the place where one or two of their half-dozen children are spending the after-school hours.

It sometimes happens, however, that the parents allow their children to go to the mission schools

either because they want to please their children, and are quite sure that the missionary "stuff and nonsense" will have no effect upon their children's minds, or because they want to please the missionary, to whom they feel indebted for financial assistance. When the missionary appeals for funds to help "a poor Jewish family in distress," it will be invariably found that this poor Jewish family has some children that attend the mission school.

Q. Is it true that *the missionaries encourage children to come even when their parents object?*

A. It is. The missionaries, though, deny it, and are very careful to destroy any evidence tending to show that they do not shrink from fostering disobedience to their parents in the children's mind. But "out of their own mouths they shall be condemned."

The following extract is taken from a missionary magazine called "The Chosen People," published by a Jewish missionary, who, by the way, is reputed to be worth more than $100,000, all of which he made as a Christian "worker."

In the February issue of 1907, a copy of which may be found in the New York Public Library, the

following item appeared as a part of the report by one of the teachers of the mission school:

> Last Sunday I noticed one of our smaller girls, who lives opposite the Mission, standing in the aisle and shaking her hands to some one in her family. Looking up, I saw her father sitting at the window, shaking his fist at her and looking very angry. There are four children in that family who come to the Mission, and every time they come they are severely punished when they get home, but still they come, and I have heard them say they cannot wait till Sunday comes.

Q. What special inducements are offered by the mission schools?

A. There is always something to attract and keep the children. In the autumn there is the preparation for the Christmas celebration, with its accompanying presents and entertainments. This is followed by the preparation for the Easter festival, at which time each pupil gets a pot of lilies, and then comes the crowning reward for faithful attendance, which consists in the annual picnic arranged for the pupils of the Mission. Such attractions are usual in all Sunday schools, and are in themselves right and proper. But it is the wrong and improper use made of them by the Mission

that is to be condemned. The Jewish children who take part in these entertainments and picnics are brought together under false pretences. Their parents are ignorant of the real aim and purpose of the managers of these entertainments, who claim to be inspired by purely philanthropic motives. The whole thing reeks with insincerity and falsehood, and all the perfumed words of love and kindness cannot wash away the stains and blots made upon the pure and innocent souls of those who are the recipients of these "Christian" benefactions.

Q. How does the missionary report his work among the Jewish children?

A. In looking over any report of a Jewish mission one finds a special column devoted to the work among children. The names of the Christian ladies who assist in the work are therein specially mentioned with words of praise and blessing. An enterprising missionary will sometimes reproduce a picture taken at Christmas time or at the annual picnic, showing a crowd of Jewish boys and girls in attendance. This branch of his activity is the pride and glory of the missionary, and his last resort in

appealing for money. If there is a dearth of converts, and his Christian friends show signs of getting weary in well-doing, he is sure to arouse their flagging interest by pointing to the great work among the children, who are represented to be more susceptible to the Gospel truth than their "stiff-necked" parents.

Here follow a few samples:

Among the children our work has been most successful. We started our new sewing school with two little girls. We have now in membership more than one hundred. The Rabbis of Newark endeavored to prevent the children attending the meetings, and the Ladies' Auxiliary Society being formed to fight the influence of the Mission, they even went to such extremes as to stand on the corners of the street to keep the children away. But by the grace of God we are overcoming this persecution, and several of the little ones have been led into the true fold.

At a children's meeting held recently, Dr. Clark of the Baptist Publication Society addressed the little ones, and in response to his inquiry as to how many believed in Jesus, about twenty-six raised their hands. This, after he had carefully explained to them the meaning of his question, and he had desired those only who were sure they believed in the Savior to signify it in that manner.

So much for the girls.

Are the boys backward in coming forward? Not if we may believe the following report published by a New York missionary, who, it seems, has made boys' work his specialty. Under the caption "Testimonies from Jewish Boys as to what they have learned in the Christian Church," he prints a long string of testimonies, in all of which one misses the true ring of sincerity. I quote the following:

A Jewish boy told us recently that he has become a better boy since he has given his heart to the Lord Jesus. Said he: "The other Jewish boys who attend the meetings will be better, too, by and by, for it will happen to them what happened to me. You remember I was a bad boy, but now Jesus helps me."

Here is another:

During these days since I came to this church I took very much interest in hearing Mr. ——— say that Jesus Christ is our Messiah.

Jesus our Savior suffered the consequences, by taking our sins away from us, he perished at the cross for our sake. Every Friday night when I come into our small room in the Church I tried to learn all the songs of the "Gospel Book" and I succeeded with some of them. I love Jesus. I have no more to write.

Here is a testimony with plenty of Bible quotations:

After coming to this Church for many years I have at last learned who my Savior is and also the meaning of Jesus Christ, which means Jesus the Savior. What he has done for us we find in John 3:16. I have also learned another reason; it says in Luke 19:10 he came to seek and to save the lost, and we are all lost sinners. I have also learned in Isaiah 53 chapter he was despised and rejected of men and he should come in the time of the second temple. Jesus is a Jew and king of all Jews and king of all men.

Q. What are the actual facts about these mission schools?

A. Careful observation, extending over a period of many years, has shown me that only one out of a thousand children that attend the mission schools are influenced to such a degree that they become Christians. In New York City, for instance, where there are perhaps five thousand Jewish children who in some way or other come under the influence of various mission schools, there will probably be found five children every year who are won over to Christianity. The other 4,995 remain Jews, even those who were induced to give the testimonials in

the reports of the missionaries quoted above. But the attendance at the mission schools is fraught with great danger to the moral character of the children.

The fact that the children in most cases come without the knowledge of their parents, and thereby are encouraged to do things by stealth and deception, is bad enough, but this is as nothing compared with the injury inflicted upon the child by lowering the religion of his parents in his estimation.

Many foreign-born parents find it hard enough to command the respect of their American-born children, because of their ungrammatical English and their faulty pronunciation. And now these unscrupulous missionaries aggravate the evil by filling the heads of the children with the notion that their parents' religion, too, is outlandish and faulty. They do not always express it in so many words, but that is what their teaching practically amounts to. Thus the children are alienated from their parents, and the seeds of discord and discontent are planted in the minds of tender children.

And now a word to the friends and supporters of the mission schools, who seem to derive a great deal of satisfaction from the goody-goody testi-

monies of boys and girls, examples of which I reproduced above. Even if these testimonies are genuine expressions of the feelings of those to whom they are attributed, even if the teaching in those schools does result in some accessions to Christianity, is it right to do harm to a thousand children for the sake of saving the soul of one child? Is it moral to destroy the peace and happiness of a thousand households in order to rescue one soul from the destruction of hell? If this question were put to a Torquemada, he would answer "Yes." But you, Christians of the twentieth century, surely repudiate this crude and cruel notion of the Middle Ages, and your answer must be a decisive "No."

I shall now leave the imaginary witness chair and proceed to give a few sketches of Jewish missionaries I have met.

CHAPTER VIII

THE LITTLE SAINT

When I first met him, at a convention of Jewish missionaries, he was at the zenith of his fame as a missionary worker among the Jews. His friends affectionately called him "the little St. Paul," and confidently asserted that this modern St. Paul was destined to bring all the Jews of America into the Christian Church. He made Christians believe that he could make a million converts, while he himself believed that he could make a million dollars. When his missionary bubble collapsed, he was short of a million by 999,980 converts. How near he came to getting his million dollars will forever remain a matter of conjecture.

He was said to come of a family of "wonder rabbis" who still flourish in the dark places of Eastern Europe. They are held in great veneration by the superstitious, and are supposed to be able to perform miracles and do other saintly stunts, by which they manage to live in luxurious comfort and ease.

But while his saintly forbears had only the limited Jewish population of a Russian province to work among, his genius for hoodwinking people displayed its activity on a vastly larger scale. His field was the world. Not only in this country, but in all parts of the world, Christian people were praying for the success of his work and sending in their financial help.

What was the secret of this "little saint's" great power over the hearts and pocketbooks of so many Christians? His pious friends were convinced that it was due to the prayers which were offered in all parts of the world for the success of his mission. And, indeed, after hearing him at that convention, I could not help thinking that it was prayer, or rather his manner of praying, that accounted for his marvellous success.

Whenever he rose to speak—and that was quite often, as he was the leading figure in that motley crowd of missionaries—he would first fall down on his knees and pray. Instead of addressing his prayer to "God the Father," as the average Christian does, he would invariably begin with "Dear Jesus," and would repeat this phrase in almost every sentence. I well remember one of his prayers. After duly thanking the Lord for the privilege of working for so great a cause, he recited the hardships and privations he had had to undergo, chief of which was a lack of funds, and he urged the Lord to open the eyes, hearts, and minds of all true believers to the paramount duty of spreading the Gospel among the chosen people.

As he proceeded, his fervor increased, until he had worked himself up to such a pitch of excitement that, in apparent forgetfulness of the Gentiles in the audience, he dropped into the use of his mother tongue, the Yiddish. The effect of this sudden lapse into Yiddish was highly dramatic, and could not fail to make a deep impression upon a susceptible, pious soul. And, indeed, after the meeting I overheard someone, evidently unaware of the dis-

tinction between Hebrew and Yiddish, remark to his neighbor: "I was never before so deeply moved! Just think of it, he prayed to our Savior in the very same language He Himself used to speak!"

After winding up his prayer in English, he rose from his knees, and, standing in full view of the audience, he wiped his eyes with a neatly folded silk handkerchief, while at the same time many a genuine tear was flowing from the eyes of the believing Christians present.

As in his prayers, so in his speeches, he practiced the art of concealing art. He appeared to be bubbling over with zeal and enthusiasm for the holy cause. His jerky style of oratory, his wild gesticulations, his entire abandon, his occasional halting for words to express his overflowing emotions, were all well calculated to impress the pious hearer with the feeling that here, indeed, was a man guided and moved by the Holy Ghost. The arguments he used in behalf of Jewish missions were, as I remember them, of the stock-in-trade variety; but his style of presenting them made them appear as brand new.

In his speeches he was bold and fearless. While other speakers indulged in little, miserable lies about the good work they were doing, and timidly hinted at "quite a number of baptisms," he stood up boldly and told the audience that he had baptized thousands of Jews, although the actual number probably was no more than twenty in all. Instead of expressing, as others did, a vague and indefinite hope that many Jews would in the near future "accept Christ," he stated his emphatic belief that within ten years at the utmost all the Jews on the East Side of New York City would be converted to Christianity, provided that Christians gave him adequate support.

After each session he hurried back to his hotel without stopping for an interchange of social courtesies. When the great Hillel was asked why he hurried home as soon as he had concluded his lectures, he replied that he had a guest waiting for him, the guest being his own soul, which, a sojourner on this earth, must be entertained with things divine. But our "little saint" was not in the least troubled about his soul. What was waiting for him was a cigar, and most likely a good one, for he was very fond of smoking, but he could not very well afford

to let his admirers know it. The odor of tobacco is deadly to the odor of sanctity. Who could ever think of St. Paul or any other saint with a cigar in his mouth?

The following characteristic narrative of a Sunday spent with "the little saint" was given to me by one of his lieutenants. I will repeat his story in his own words, as far as my memory serves me, and the reader may take it for what it is worth.

"When I arrived at the house, he was already in the dining-room. We sat down to a fine breakfast, for he lived like a prince. There was nothing too good for him. He had even a red silk nightgown. Did he say grace? No. We were all by ourselves, with no Christians present. Presently his wife enters. She is dressed like a princess. She eats heartily of the good things on the table, but says nothing. She must be thinking of her faraway native Russian town, where she had only herring for breakfast, but was far happier than now. She casts occasional glances at the mirror, and her face brightens up. For, after all, the wife of the wealthiest man in her native town would be filled with envy at the sight of her diamond bracelets.

"Breakfast finished, a waiting taxicab — street cars are too common for him — brings us to the railroad station, and we take the train for a New Jersey city, where he is billed to speak. One of the most prominent citizens of the place takes us to his residence, where, at the suggestion of the hostess, 'he' is shown at once to his room so as to be by himself for prayer and meditation. The church is crowded to suffocation, and he makes the people laugh and cry, and what is more, he creates so much enthusiasm that the pastor of the church embraces him in the pulpit while the people sing 'All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.'

"In the afternoon he addresses the Young Men's Christian Association. The chairman proposes to take up a collection for "the little saint's" personal use. But he strenuously objects, declaring his work to be a work of love, and that the Lord provides for all his simple needs. On our way back I expressed my surprise at his refusal of a collection. But he said, 'Never mind, I'll show you that I was right,' and, sure enough, the next day he showed me a big check sent to him by one who admired

'the unselfish devotion shown at the Young Men's meeting.' And how much do you suppose that scamp gave me for going with him? A paltry two dollars!"

Sudden and swift as was his rise in the missionary world, his fall was rather slow and by easy stages. He had entrenched himself in the hearts of a few powerful and influential friends, who, to their credit be it said, were anxious to protect him against all the assaults of his enemies, and stood by him as long as they had no convincing evidence of his unworthiness. The evidence, however, that he lived far beyond his income, and far below his reputation as a saint, became so overwhelming that they had to give him up.

How did he get "converted"?

His ante-Christian life is not so well authenticated as his anti-Christian life. Only this much seems to be certain. On leaving his home in Russia, he went to Hamburg, Germany, where he fell in with a Jewish missionary who shipped him over to England, where he was prepared by the missionary fraternity there for his career of sham and shame in this country.

Well have our Talmudical sages said, "Not the mouse, but the hole, which makes the thievery possible, is the real thief."

In the last analysis, the responsibility for the growth and development of a "Little St. Paul" must be shouldered by those who organize and maintain Christian missions to the Jews.

CHAPTER IX

THE EVERLASTING SCHNORRER

One evening he knocked at my door. It was the kind of knock habitual to people who knock about, a timid, "excuse the intrusion" knock. But he entered boldly, shook my hands joyfully, threw himself on the sofa unceremoniously, and started to talk *Mame loshon* (Yiddish) with great relish, having been, as he explained, for weeks past among the *Goyim* (Christians), the intercourse with whom allowed him neither the use of his mother-tongue nor the expression of his real sentiments.

Although some years had elapsed since last we met, he was not changed a bit. There was the same reddish face with a drooping blond mustache, the same submissive, sad smile hovered around his lips, and the same brand of cigarette between his tobacco-stained fingers.

He was bound for Florida in search of health,

which had been seriously impaired by his arduous and unremitting labors in preaching the Gospel of Christ to the Jews. That was what he told to kind Christians whose help he solicited. As a matter of fact, however, he never worked for Christ or anybody else, and the meetings with his Jewish brethren, which he alleged had undermined his health, were in reality held in various cafes in the Roumanian quarter on the East Side of New York, and were of a spirituous rather than a spiritual nature.

He was chatting away in his *Mame loshon*, telling me all the news about the Jewish work and workers "in the vineyard of the Lord" — he knew the inside history of almost every Jewish missionary, and I looked upon his as a "walking rogues' gallery" —when he suddenly stopped short, tapped his forehead, and, fumbling in his pockets, fished out a sealed letter, which, after having carefully and deftly unsealed it, he begged me to read it to him, as he himself was unable to read or write anything but Yiddish. It will sound almost incredible, yet it is true that this very same man had in his possession letters of undoubted genuineness from preachers and professors of theology living both here and in

England, who recommended him not only for his great piety, but also for his profound learning and extensive knowledge of languages, which, in the opinion of his endorsers, made him especially fit for the missionary work among the Jews because of his ability to preach to the Jews of all lands. In some of the letters he was even given the title "Doctor."

The letter he was so anxious to learn the contents of was written by the wife of a prominent clergyman of Washington, D. C., and was addressed to a high official. The writer in her appeal in behalf of the bearer describes his destitute condition, of which she had sufficient evidence by the fact that when she offered him something to eat he went at it with such a ravenous appetite and got through with it in such a hurry that it proved to her that he had not tasted food for days.

At this passage my visitor broke out in a loud laugh and said: "In the first place, my eating that cold luncheon there was just like the eating of the three angels in Abraham's tent, namely, a make-believe, for I had had a fine breakfast before I went there. I put most of the bread in my pockets.

And in the second place, I hurried to get through with it because I was just dying for a smoke. "And this reminds me," he added reflectively, "that I am just dying for a drink of whiskey, but I can't take a drop until I get through this prayer meeting tonight to which Pastor S. has invited me to come and tell of my work among my benighted Jewish brethren. Tobacco smell is bad enough. But if those Methodists detect the faintest breath of whiskey about me no *Shema Yisroel* can help." (A phrase equivalent to "I am past praying for.")

When he called the next day, he was jubilant over the fine results produced by the letter which so sympathetically described his voracious — but not veracious — appetite. But he spoke mournfully of an accident that had befallen him the night before. Coming from the prayer meeting, he noticed a saloon, and, believing himself at a safe distance from the church, he entered, and tarried there a while. But just as he pushed the swinging doors toward the street, a lady who had been at the prayer meeting passed by and recognized him. She was horror-stricken and dumbfounded at first. But soon she found her voice, and let go at him

with no uncertain sound. In her unmerciful tongue-lashing she repeatedly threatened to have him arrested for obtaining money under false pretences. In his plight he fled to a nearby clothing store, whose Jewish proprietor became his savior from the Christian's righteous indignation.

"Wasn't that lady justified in accusing you of obtaining money under false pretences?" I ventured to ask him.

"Sure she was," he replied, "but I am not the only one doing it. The whole bunch of missionaries, and, if you would inquire more deeply into the matter, lots of rabbis and ministers are drawing large salaries for preaching things they themselves don't believe. Besides, these goody-goody Christians owe me a living, and it is a shame that I have to go around and collect it."

"Why do you think that Christians owe you a living?"

"Because," said he, "they made me what I am, a miserable *Schnorrer.*"

Lighting a fresh cigarette, he closed his eyes dreamily and started to tell me the story of his life. It was a pitiful story indeed.

He was born in a little Roumanian town, where his father kept a small general store. At the age of sixteen he left in company with another lad of the same age to seek their fortune in the great city of Vienna. The little money they had between them was soon gone, and their search for work was unsuccessful. One day, while the tired and hungry lads were sitting on a bench in the Prater (the famous park of Vienna), they were joined by a prosperous looking gentleman, who inquired all about them, and wound up by leading them into a restaurant, where he paid for their meals and gave them a few pennies besides. Again meeting them the next day and a few days thereafter and treating them in the same kindly way, their newly found friend invited them to his home. There they soon discovered that they were in the house of a Jewish missionary supported by an English society, which keeps such stations in all the principal cities of Europe. The boys were badly frightened, and wanted to leave at once, but the assurance given them by their benefactor, that they were not expected to become Christians at once, and that they were free to leave any time, dispelled their fears,

and they decided to remain overnight at least and enjoy the luxury of a day in such a fine house. On retiring to their room at night they talked long and hotly about the matter and fell asleep. In the morning there was only one boy found in the room. The other had left in the dead of night, and taken with him a valuable clock that stood on the mantelpiece. He left a note containing only this sentence: "He who steals from a thief is guiltless." This lad, by the way, has achieved success and fame as a Rabbi in Hungary.

The host did not seem to be very much put out about his vanished guest, and continued to shower his kindness upon the one who remained. A few months of ease and comfort after a long period of hardship and privations were bound to overcome the conscientious scruples even of stronger characters than this poor Roumanian lad, and the result was as may be expected. After his baptism he was sent to London for the purpose of learning a trade.

There he was made much of by the wealthy patrons of the Society for the Promotion of the Gospel among the Jews. He was taken around in different churches to be used as an illustration

of the power of the Gospel, and was finally so spoiled for all honest work that there remained nothing for him to do but to continue to live on the charity of well-meaning Christians, who for the sake of saving "a soul from the burning fire" often cause that very same soul to freeze to death.

When he finished his story, he was sobbing like a little child.

After a long silence I said to him, "Well, old boy, isn't it about time for you to stop this miserable *Schnorrerei?*" "This same question," he answered sadly, "was put to me some twenty years ago by Dr. Edersheim, who, every time I visited him, used to give me a five-pound note with the proviso that I should not see any of his wealthy people. But I got the best of him by seeing them first and keeping him to the last. Now, as to your question, I suppose I am doomed to go on till — well, till the Messiah comes," he added, with a twinkle in his eye.

CHAPTER X

A MISSIONARY FREAK

He was a Jewish missionary and an honest man; a strange creature indeed. For it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a Jewish missionary to keep from practicing hypocrisy and deceit. Yet, as the Talmud has it, "A myrtle among weeds remains a myrtle." He was absolutely truthful and honest, and the only deception he may be accused of is that of leading people to think that he was like the other missionaries.

How did this myrtle happen to come among the weeds?

Here is the story of his life in its main features, according to the best of my information.

He was born and raised among the *Hasidim* (the pious ones). To convey to the general reader an exact idea of what the *Hasidim* are would require

too much space. They might be compared with the "shouting Methodists," or still better, the "Holy Jumpers," whose queer antics are occasionally reported in the papers. The *Hasidim* are fervent in their prayers, which they recite with a great deal of shouting and even dancing, and which occupy most of the day, while their wives are tending to the shop and other bread-winning occupations. They are known to be exceedingly kind and helpful to their own, but very bitter to those who ridicule or oppose them. They flourish in some parts of Russia and Galicia, remote from the main roads of modern civilization, to which they are stoutly opposed, from an instinctive fear that modern culture blights and withers all religious emotion.

Up to his seventeenth year he knew no other than the Hebrew alphabet. He learned the German letters from a stray newspaper he had found, which he kept concealed about his person for fear that if it became known that he studied German, he would be looked upon as a renegade. His hunger for a modern education once aroused was bound to be satisfied, and so he went to Breslau and later to Berlin, where his great intellectual ability attracted

to him some powerful friends, who assisted him in his studies. Before he reached the age of twenty-two, he had mastered the classical and a few modern languages, and received the degree of doctor of philosophy. Just about that time he got hold of a New Testament, and some Christian theologians got hold of him. He came to this country and entered a Christian theological seminary.

A little incident in his seminary life related to me by one of his fellow-students is characteristic of the man.

The students among themselves had collected a little money to buy him much-needed eyeglasses. One day it was noticed that his eyeglasses were gone. Being pressed for an explanation, he told them how he had met a poor Jewish peddler, with a large family to support, whose need for eye-glasses was greater than his own.

When first told this story I thought it was too good to be true. But after getting to know the man personally, I had no more doubts, as I found him to be capable of any self-sacrifice.

His theology was of the most peculiar kind. It was a Joseph's coat of many colors, a crazy quilt of

the most extraordnary pattern, a hodge-podge of Judaism and Christianity, with a little of other "isms" thrown in. His idea was that when a Jew becomes a Christian, he must continue to observe all the laws of Moses relating to Jewish festivals and diet. He mantained that only the Gentiles were exempt from the Jewish law, while one who is born a Jew is obliged to observe the Jewish law even after he accepts Christ. This view is vehemently opposed by almost all Christian theologians on Biblical grounds, although the absurdity into which it leads would condemn it without the help of any Biblical authority. For how in the name of common sense can a Jew who believes in Christ be excluded from the Christian heaven and its high privileges solely because he bought his meat at a Christian butcher shop?

Since he was an honest man, believing a thing implied the obligation of living it. Hence his peculiar theological notions led him into the most contradictory and absurd modes of living.

He observed both Saturday and Sunday. On Saturday he would not even ride in a street car. On Friday evenings he would always attend the

synagogue and heartily join in all the prayers.

His diet was strictly kosher. If entertained in Christian homes, he would eat only cereals, eggs, etc. This, of course, sorely tried the patience of the hostesses. Later in life he became a vegetarian altogether.

On Yom Kippur (Day of Atonement) he stayed in the synagogue all day and fasted. He also observed *Tisha B'ab,* and was an ardent Zionist.

In order to spread his peculiar views, shared only by very few Christians, and perhaps by no other Jew living, he published a Hebrew monthly, which was eagerly read by some scholars because of its elegant diction. Being too poor to continue it, he would go up and down the country and preach wherever he found an open door. In the established missions for Jews he was not a welcome guest, because he was too honest and outspoken to approve of the crooked work done there.

In his travels he adhered strictly to the injunction to the first apostles of Christianity, which was to the effect that they should not burden themselves too much with things needed for dress and personal comfort.

When he tired of travelling, as he naturally would, he retired to his native place in Galicia, where a Christian friend of his kept prepared for him, as did the Shunammite woman for the Prophet Elisha, a bed, a table, a seat and a candlestick. There he would sit, surrounded by tons of books written in many tongues, and work for a high, false, and impossible ideal. On the Sabbath and Jewish holidays he would come to the synagog, visit his relatives, with whom he sustains the most cordial relations, and occasionally drop into the *Beth Hamidrash* and take part in the Talmudical discussions. The townspeople do not look upon him with the usual feeling of hatred shown against a *Meshumad* (renegade). Love begets love, and they know how intense his love for the Jewish people is. As for his queer theological notions, they think that too much learning has turned his head, and in this opinion most readers are likely to concur.

CHAPTER XI

THE MISSIONARY SHAMMOS

There was an air of naturalness about this happy-go-lucky fellow, which differentiated him from the commonplace, ordinary mission worker. To be sure, like the rest of them, he wore a mask, but his was not so tight and close-fitting as to conceal all his natural features. While other missionary masqueraders are tortured by the constant fear lest their mask come off, he did not seem to care a rap whether it did or not. Suppose it did fall off, there was always his trade—that of a baker—to fall back upon. And so, taking no anxious thought either of the past or the future, he seemed to enjoy the present and be as "happy in Jesus" as his financial condition would allow him.

His duties as *Shammos* (sexton) of the mission were numerous, but by no means onerous. The

task of sweeping and cleaning the rooms was to him, strong and healthy as he was, mere child's play, affording him just enough exercise to promote the digestion of the enormous quantities of food which he was wont to consume. He was fond of good eating, or rather of much eating, caring but little for quality. He hated nothing more — so he used to tell me after we had become more intimate — than to be invited out to dine with some of the fashionable patrons of the mission. If he was bound to accept such an invitation, he would first go to some cheap restaurant to be the better prepared to endure the impending thin slices of meat and big chunks of religious talk. A similar provision he would make when any of the missionary patrons were expected to dine at the mission house, in which case the missionary's wife wisely reduced the bill of fare to the lowest point in order not to offend the sensibilities of the guests, who might be displeased at seeing "the Lord's money" spent for anything but the bare necessaries of life.

In addition to the janitor's work, he was assigned to the duty of keeping order at the meetings, and he fairly revelled in the performance of this rather

difficult task. His strong arm came to be known and respected by all who brought to the meetings an exuberant spirit of frolic and fun. If any of them showed the slightest inclination to break up the meeting, he would raise his powerful arm, clench his fist, and shout at the top of his voice, "Say, fellows, if you don't shut up, I'll make you. I'll throw you out of doors, Christianity or no Christianity!" In case his warning went unheeded he would rush at the offender, lift him out of his seat, and shove him out into the street as if he were a sack of flour. His drastic methods of dealing with refractory hearers of the Gospel were of course openly disavowed by the Christians present, but he did not mind their rebuke, because he felt sure that his Christian friends inwardly approved and admired his exhibition of "muscular Christianity."

Equally radical, though less violent, was his method of dealing with the Christian friends who assisted at the meetings by their praying or preaching. He would not hesitate to whisper into the ear of the one who was spinning out a long prayer, "The Lord knows you have prayed long enough," or to hand an enthusiastic speaker a card with the

legend, "There are others," or, if the speaker was a converted Jew and therefore of less importance, he would write, "You are not the only pebble on the beach." If these gentle hints were disregarded, and there was danger that the meeting would encroach upon the dinner hour, he would apply a more heroic remedy, which consisted in starting to sing a hymn. If the long-winded individual was engaged in prayer, he would—as he termed it—"sing him up"; if in preaching, he would "sing him down."

Besides acting as beadle and bouncer, he was also called upon to offer a prayer, and give a Christian testimony, both of which he did in his own way, departing from the beaten track.

Instead of kneeling down and closing his eyes during prayer, he prayed standing and with open eyes, so as to be able to watch the unruly element in the audience. Even while he prayed, he would shake his fist at some disturber, the incongruity of which act was not noticed by the Christians present, who had their eyes closed. His prayer was "mosaic" in the sense that it was composed of little scraps of prayer which he had picked up while listening to the prayers of others, and which he

would string together without regard to logical sequence. He only prayed in English, and refused to pray in Yiddish, because, as he explained, a Yiddish Christian prayer sounded so "funny."

Of his Christian testimony he had two sets—one in English and the other in Yiddish. His English testimony was of the stereotyped kind, telling of his misery and wretchedness of soul before he became a Christian, and of the joy and happiness experienced the moment he found the promised Messiah. His Yiddish testimony was more original and ran something like this:

"We are in *Golus* (persecuted). I mean you are. I am not. And why? Because I have accepted Jesus. You are fools not to do what I did. What keeps you back? Religion? Bah! I know and you know that you have no religion left. If you were religious, you would not be sitting here in this Christian place. Come, then, and be sensible people. Receive Jesus and he will make you happy. I say I am happy. If anybody thinks I am a liar, he is another. If you hate me I don't care. I have lots of Christian friends."

And, indeed, a better acquaintance with his early

life convinced me that he was telling the truth when he said that he was happy as a Christian. There is no doubt that he did find much happiness in Christianity, though his ideal of happiness was hardly of a kind a Christian would care to endorse.

From his earliest youth he had struggled hard to live without working. He hated work more than anything else. His parents and relatives were firmly convinced that he had imbibed his lazy disposition from a gypsy woman who nursed him while his mother was taking care of a twin-brother. Whatever may be thought of the explanation, he certainly showed the great repugnance to steady work which is so characteristic of the gypsies. When quite young he was apprenticed to a baker. During his apprenticeship he deserted his master several times, but finally he was graduated as a journeyman. Then he started to travel all over his native country—Hungary—looking for work and quitting it as soon as he found it. More than once he was transported home under police escort as a vagrant, to the utter shame and disgrace of his family. In the course of his wanderings he drifted to London, England, where he stopped at the Home for Journeymen

Bakers. This home was visited by a Jewish missionary twice a week, for the ostensible purpose of holding a divine service for immigrants, the real purpose being to get some new recruits for the mission. The usual bait was held out to the more promising subjects, who were invited to the missionary's house and shown the beauty of the "Christian" life. Our lazy baker fell like ripe fruit into the missionary's hand, taking to the "Christian" life as naturally as a duck takes to water. After getting a few months' board, two brand new suits of clothes, twenty-five pounds—more than he had ever possessed—he was duly baptized in some fine church. He was not quite sure whether it was Episcopalian or Presbyterian.

Pretty soon the missionary got rid of him by buying him a ticket to this country, where on his arrival he first spent every cent he had, and then made a bee-line for the Jewish mission, the Eldorado of all haters of work and lovers of "the sweet doing nothing."

His life at the mission was ideal when looked at from a gypsy point of view. Besides his board and lodging, he received a weekly salary of eight

dollars, which he spent in supplementing his regular board, too scanty for his prodigious appetite, and in buying drinks and cigars. While other missionary workers indulge in the tobacco habit surreptitiously, he was unafraid to smoke even when his Christian friends could see him. Once, when rebuked for smoking, he replied: "Didn't you speak the other day of every converted Jew as 'a brand plucked from the fire?' Well, a brand smokes." His drinking, however, was done more discreetly. He had a preference for places frequented by Jews, so that in case his Christian friends should happen to see him enter or leave he might explain his presence there by a thirst for Jewish souls.

Thus, having plenty to eat and drink and smoke without much exertion, he felt happy as a Christian. And surely nobody could more cheerfully accept the theological doctrine that Christ has abolished the primeval curse pronounced on Adam, "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread."

Nor was this all. In addition to providing him with creature comforts, Christianity had been instrumental in satisfying his craving for honor and distinction, a craving which belongs to the higher class

of emotions, and is often the redeeming feature of an otherwise low and sensual nature. He greatly desired to be looked up to as a person of some importance in the world. He was hungry for some homage to be paid to him by at least a few of his fellow-beings, over whom he could lord it. Before he became a Christian he was looked down upon by everybody on account of his chronic impecunious condition. But now he was looked up to as a man of influence. He was patted on the back by Christian patrons of the mission, and the mere raising of his arm struck terror into the hearts of would-be disturbers of the meetings.

But the appetite for distinction and glory grows by what it feeds on, and after a few years of work as a *Shammos* our erstwhile baker got tired of being only a half-baked missionary, and decided to become a full-fledged missionary. After raising the necessary "dough," he started a mission of his own in a Western city. For a time all went well. He knew all the tricks of the missionary business, and had no scruples about practicing them. As for his preaching, he had heard so many sermons while he was a *Shammos* that he had no trouble about repeat-

ing some of them. But while he had energy enough to overcome his natural laziness and to carry on his mission work, the strain of covering up the indulgence in the tabooed habits of drinking and smoking was too much for him. Consequently the flow of missionary contributions began to be slow and sluggish, and threatened to dry up altogether.

The end of his missionary career, however, was rather precipitous, and came about in this way: He had just finished making an urgent appeal for money at a ministers' meeting, when the next speaker, a colored missionary, who was seeking help for a mission among his own people, made a slurring remark about the Jews. The Jewish missionary interrupted and gave the colored brother the lie, which was promptly returned. Whereupon the Jew ran up to him, and smote him in the face. Requested to apologize to the ministers present, he took out the keys of his mission rooms and threw them on the table. On the same day he left for parts unknown.

Fifteen years later I was walking along the Bowery in New York City when I heard my name called. Turning round, I looked into the smiling face of the ex-missionary *Shammos*. He was decked

out like Solomon in all his glory. In his necktie glittered a big diamond, and a heavy gold chain adorned his ample waistcoat. He was reticent about the source of his evident prosperity, but from some slight hints he threw out I got the impression that he was connected in some way with a concern that was selling mining shares to over-confiding people.

Speaking of his missionary life, he said: "Christianity has learned me (I quote him literally) that money is power. I think, if a man eats *Hazzer* he should eat it so that the gravy runs down his beard. If I have to be a grafter, why not be a big grafter? Why be a pickpocket if you can be a bank robber? I hate those petty thieves, the whole *Meshumodim Gesindel.*" On the subject of religion, he delivered himself thus: "I know very little about religion, but I know as much as most of the religious grafters. I am as good a Jew as anybody, and if any one insults a Jew in my presence I knock him down, no matter how big a man he may be."

After telling me of his bright prospects of making big money, he became suddenly reminiscent, and with pride in his manner and a touch of tenderness in his voice, he exclaimed: "But didn't I make

those fellows at the mission behave?" And involuntarily he raised his arm, still powerful, and rolled his fingers into a fist, just as he used to do nearly a score of years ago when keeping in check the would-be disturbers of the meetings at the mission.

How strange, I thought to myself, that the only feature of his Christian life which he considered worth while treasuring up in his memory and recalling with a certain pleasure and pride was the brief, little authority which he exercised in his capacity as missionary *Shammos!*

[The latest report I had of him was that he settled down to a life of honest work after marrying a fine Jewish young lady. He is also the father of a clever little girl. It is very likely that the only pride he is now taking in his powerful arm is the high use he makes of it in supporting and protecting his loved ones.]

CHAPTER XII

THE MARCHER TO ZION

It was the last day of the camp-meeting held every year at Ocean Grove, the famous Methodist summer resort in New Jersey. The closing ceremony was being performed. A long procession of men and women, young and old, tall and small, headed by a sprightly looking clergyman of venerable age, was marching around the big auditorium, singing joyful hymns. Some of the old-timers, disregarding the modern tendency to suppress all outward show of religious emotion, would now and then shout out hearty "Hallelujahs," and, as their fervor increased, would unconsciously execute some bodily movements which came very near to dancing. But, then, did not David dance before the Holy Ark?

As I watched the animated scene from the gallery, I could not help being reminded of the *Hakkafot,* when on Simchas Torah, the closing day of the Feast of Tabernacles, the scrolls are taken from the Ark, and carried around the synagog in joyful procession.

And there rose before my mind the venerable figure of my father, holding tight the Sefer Torah in his arms, his face shining and his eyes sparkling with joy. Once again I was trying hard to keep step with my father, while waving a little multicolored paper flag, the material for which I had bought out of my own savings, and the Hebrew letters on which I had painted myself.

Further and further I was carried away from my actual surroundings, while the thousand-voiced chorus was singing again and again this refrain of a well-known hymn:

"We are marching to Zion,
The beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We are marching over to Zion,
The beautiful city of God."

These pictures of the past were suddenly dis-

solved by the sounds of a whispered conversation between a young couple sitting next to me. "I wonder who that full-bearded, stockily built, foreign-looking clergyman might be?" — and she continued singing.

"Search me, dearie" — and he continued to steady her hand which held the hymn book.

"You seem to know nothing," she said poutingly.

"I don't care to know anything or anybody in this here place except you." The hymn book drops to the floor, and he hastily picks it up and joins in the singing.

"There he comes again. Doesn't he look like a Jew?"

"Rather. But how did he get in the procession?"

"He must be a converted Jew."

"What's that? A converted Jew? Tell it to Sweeney "

"Why, yes, dear; one who has become a Christian."

"Well, I declare! But, converted or not converted, I wish they'd all be marching to Zion or any other place near Jerusalem."

"Here your ignorance shows up again. Zion isn't a place; it is Heaven."

"Be it so. Let them all go to Heaven. America for mine!"

"Oh, you wicked man! Don't you believe in Heaven?"

"Of course I do. How could I doubt it when I look into your eyes?" And the hymn book trembled in her hands.

A few hours later I met the subject of the preceding dialogue on the boardwalk of Asbury Park. He was walking alone. Why was he alone? Why did not a single one of the hundreds of ministers promenading on the boardwalk accompany him? Ah, here is the rub! At the religious meetings he was made much of as a fellow-worker in the vineyard of the Lord, a mighty instrument in the hands of the Lord for the preaching of the blessed gospel to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and thousands of Christian men and women heard him gladly, in spite of his painful abuse of the English language, because they enjoyed the rare sight of a Jew preaching Christ. But the bond of sympathy between the devout Christians and the converted

Jew, which manifested itself so strongly at the meetings in the auditorium, evidently was weakened and loosened as soon as the boardwalk was reached. There the devout Christian became again just a plain, nominal Christian, in whose eyes the converted Jew, is, after all, only a Jew.

I found him to be in a very unhappy frame of mind. Only a few months before his eldest son, a youth of great promise, had been accidentally drowned while bathing. His wife, he told me, who had come with him to the sea-shore for a little recreation, had been obliged to return to the city, as she could not bear the sight of the ocean whose cruel waves had killed her boy. In addition to this heavy blow, he suffered financially by the appearance on the scene of another Jewish missionary, who suddenly bobbed up during the religious meeting just closed. This newcomer, being affiliated with the Methodist church, strongly appealed to the sectarian feeling, and succeeded in diverting from him, the Presbyterian, some of the usual missionary donations.

His torrent of denunciations directed against this rascally rival was interrupted by a sweet-faced girl

of about eighteen, who, running up to him, caressingly said: "Pa, may I go with Max for a trolley ride?" He consented reluctantly, and she hurried away.

"Does she look like a Jewess?" he asked me with some anxiety.

"No, she looks like half a dozen of them," I answered, somewhat irritated at his foolish question.

After a long pause he exclaimed: "This girl of mine causes me great sorrow. That young man Max she goes with is a Jew, the son of a pushcart peddler, and she will have nobody about her but him. What shall I do?"

I was relieved from expressing my opinion on this perplexing point by the approach of an old lady, who, in true Methodist fashion, shook my companion's hand warmly, and blurted out: "I'm so glad to see you. Ever since I was a young girl and started to read the Holy Book, I was wondering what became of the ten tribes of Israel who were led into captivity by the wicked King Nebuchadnezzar. I am sure you will be able to tell me."

"They were assimilated by the other nations," he answered readily, evidently having heard this

question before.

"But how can a Jew ever become a Gentile?"

After a moment's thought he replied: "Oh, that happened under the Old Dispensation, you know." His questioner seemed to be well pleased with the answer, and departed with effusive expressions of thanks.

"What a handy thing this phrase of 'Old and New Dispensations' is It grants you *dispensation* from deeper study of Biblical problems," I remarked gaily, trying to cheer him up a little.

But my efforts in this line sadly failed. He had lost the precious sense of humor which has helped the Jewish race to bear up under the most adverse circumstances, and had become disgruntled, disappointed, and discouraged. And yet not so many hours ago he had told in open meeting "how good the Lord had been to him ever since his acceptance of Christ," and how "peace like a river encompasses his soul."

When I told him of how the procession in the auditorium had reminded me so much of the *Hakkafot,* and wanted to know whether he had the same experience, he looked at me with dull and

lustreless eyes, and said: "All the time I walked in the procession I was greatly troubled in my mind. Just before I got into line a lady handed me a gift of money in a sealed envelope. I could not open it without being observed, and so I was curious and anxious all the while to know how much it contained."

Thus the *present* rather than the past filled his mind while "Marching to Zion."

Poor fellow! He has since joined the great procession to the grave, and his soul is surely now at rest, at least as to the contents of sealed envelopes.

But why am I relating all this? Simply to amuse the reader? Not at all. What I want to get at is the sad truth that you and I, together with the most modern Jews, are doing exactly, though with less sordid and mean motives, what that "converted" Jew did at Ocean Grove, while the people in the gallery talk about us in a similar strain. Do we not march in all kinds of processions and sing all sorts of songs, but—those of Zion? Do we not dance to every fiddle but—to the Harp of David?

And yet this "protective mimicry," as Zangwill so significantly calls it, saves us not from mockery

and malice. In Germany they still hoot, in South Wales they loot, and in Russia * they shoot.

Where is the remedy to be found?

The only answer that goes to the root of the matter is that given some fifteen years ago by Dr. Theodor Herzl. This great and noble Jew, recognizing the futility of all the remedies applied to the wounds of Israel, hit upon a radical remedy, which would not only cure but also prevent disease. Like Daniel of old, he opened his windows toward Jerusalem, where he beheld the glory of a revived Jewish nation. Was Herzl a visionary? Yes, indeed! and so was Mazzini, who had visions of Italian greatness before there was an Italy; and so was Bismark, the unifier of Germany. Must not every great achievement be first seen in a vision before it assumes a real and actual form?

Dr. Herzl's ideas, first expressed in his book, *Der Judenstaat*, gave birth to Zionism, which "aims to create for the Jewish people a publicly, legally secured home in Palestine."

Emerson says somewhere that every new truth

* This was written before the war had abolished the Czarist regime and its atrocious pogroms.

has to pass through three stages before it is generally accepted. On its first presentation people simply say, "It ain't so"; a little later people say, "The Bible contradicts it"; and finally they say, "We all knew that before." Zionism, it seems, has successfully passed through the first two phases, and is now, as it were, on the home run. There are few men of intelligence and Jewish feelings who would deny that Zionism is the key to the solution of the Jewish problem, and, if they still refuse to enlist in the Zionist movement, it is because they think that it is impossible of realization. The many objections they raise against the practicability of Zionism have been fully considered and refuted by able and learned advocates of Zionism. But there is one objection which I will mention, for the reason that by my past experience and observation I am peculiarly fitted to answer it. I refer to the argument against Zionism which takes for its ground the hostile attitude which Christians would be sure to assume against the rise of a Jewish commonwealth. Christian nations, it is asserted, will never allow a Jewish state to come into existence, and if by chance such a state should be established, they would use

all their influence to destroy it.

Formidable as this objection looks, it is to my mind based upon an utter ignorance of the feelings of Christians on this matter. The assumption that Christians would not tolerate the existence of an independent Jewish commonwealth is absolutely false. In my contact with Christians of all sorts and conditions I have taken special pains to ascertain their attitude toward Zionism, and I have not found a single one whose Christian consciousness was alarmed or agitated in the least degree over the prospect of the re-establishment of a Jewish state.

As a matter of fact, most orthodox Christians believe and look for that very event as one of the things prophesied both in the Old and New Testaments. In almost all the orthodox Christian text-books used in colleges and seminaries you will find under the heading of eschatology (the doctrine of the last or final things) the future restoration of Israel to his own country. And even those Christians who, following the modern tendency, do not feel themselves bound by the letter of the Scriptures, and are inclined to take the prophecies of the Bible as mere pious wishes, which may or may not be

fulfilled, will certainly have no other feeling than that of gratification at the literal fulfilment of the old-time prophecies.

The only possible misgiving a zealous Christian may have in regard to Zionism is the presence in Jerusalem of the Holy Sepulchre and other time-hallowed monuments dear to every Christian heart. The plan to make all those places "extra-territorial ground," to be owned and controlled by an international Christian commission created for the purpose, appears to be an excellent one and well calculated to dispel all doubts and misgivings arising from this source.

But while it is true that the idea of Zionism is far from being repugnant to the Christian consciousness, but is rather in accord with Christian teachings and sentiments concerning the Jewish future, it would be nevertheless a great mistake to conclude therefrom that the Christian nations will readily support and favor it, since what Christianity teaches is one thing and what Christian nations do is quite another thing.

The Russian bear, for one, is not likely to favor Zionism, and it may take a little sharp prodding in

his sides to make him release his paws from the throats of his victims. It is recorded of old, "And the children of Israel went up *armed* out of the land of Egypt," and the modern Jew may have to fight his way out of Russia. Yes, "Marching to Zion" will probably be somewhat more strenuous than walking down the gangplank of a well-appointed steamer for Jaffa. But what of it? A people that is not willing to fight for liberty will never be free.

Who knows but that the brave young Russian Jews who now risk their lives in the cause of Russian freedom will at last realize that they can serve the cause of freedom best by fighting their way out of the enemy's country into the land that is waiting for her own children to come back, build up the waste places, and make it blossom like a rose?

Israel's glory may be revived and far outshine the past by

> "Entwining memories of olden time
> With virtues new and more sublime."

CHAPTER XIII

A SELF-STYLED EX-RABBI

On account of his being an exceptionally bad case of fraudulent and pernicious missionary activity, I must make an exception in one case, and mention the name of the missionary of whom this chapter is to treat.

He advertises himself freely as "the converted ex-Rabbi Leopold Cohn." This description of himself is about as correct as the definition given by a school-boy of a lobster as a red fish that crawls backward. For he is neither converted — in the true Christian sense — nor is he an ex-Rabbi. He is not even Leopold Cohn, according to transcripts made from official Hungarian court records on file in the county court house of the city of Maramaros-Sziget, Hungary. These records, together with positive statements obtained from residents of New York who knew "Mr. Cohn" in the old country, prove

conclusively that Mr. Cohn assumed his present name on his arrival in this country, some twenty years ago, and that he never was the Rabbi of a congregation in his native country, as he claims in his book, entitled "A Modern Missionary to an Ancient People," and in his lectures in the churches. His occupation in the old country was that of an inn-keeper in the town of Apsicza, county of Maramaros-Sziget, Hungary.

Although the New York Yiddish newspapers of May 19, 1913, published his picture, together with the statement that he was posing before the public under a false name, he has made no effort to invoke the law in vindication of his name. Is it because he hates to go to law and prefers to suffer in silence? It can hardly be that, because he appears very often as a plaintiff in the Brooklyn courts. For instance, some time ago the Brooklyn newspapers reported that he had several boys arrested for stealing lead pipes from one of the houses he owns in South Brooklyn, and when the magistrate mercifully refrained from sending them to prison, where they might develop into real criminals, Mr. Cohn bitterly complained about a miscarriage of justice.

While other missionaries only threaten the disturbers of their meetings with arrest, and in extreme cases have them arrested and let them go with a reprimand, Mr. Cohn is quick in arresting a disturber of his meetings on the slightest provocation, and in several instances he is reported to have insisted that the disturbers be sent to jail.

It is therefore safe to assume that Mr. Cohn's unwillingness to take action against the newspapers and others that spread uncomplimentary reports is not inspired by Christian humility and forbearance, but is rather due to the overwhelming evidence contained in the official Hungarian records.

But even if his claim to be ex-Rabbi Leopold Cohn be allowed, there must be serious protests raised against his claim to be converted to Christianity. There is hardly anything in his conduct to show that he is truly converted to Christianity, and a great deal that tends to show that he is not.

Would a truly converted man tell a lie for the sake of gain?

Mr. Cohn did, as may be seen from the following article, which appeared over his signature in a religious magazine called *Watchword and Truth.*

This article, though quite lengthy, will repay perusal, showing as it does that people are expected to believe the most absurd things in relation to the Jews.

The article reads as follows:

That the Jew is looking for the Messiah is illustrated in a very interesting manner by the following incident in the work in which I am engaged among the 250,000 Jews of Brooklyn, N. Y.

On Moore Street, in the Williamsburgh Mission field, where the children of Israel are dwelling, a fearful sight occurred one day recently. As the crowds were surging up and down the street, peddlers howling and shouting to sell their goods, women driving bargains and hundreds of children playing in the gutters, suddenly there was consternation among them. A small group of Jews stopped, turned aside, lifted up their faces toward heaven and looked with a steady gaze into the skies. All the business and turmoil around were dead to them; they stood there, craning their necks upwards, as if hypnotized. Soon the group grew into larger dimensions, until a multitude was gathered, all deeply engrossed in that sight in which the small group was so much interested.

Before long all the people living in, or passing by, that neighborhood did likewise, and the entire vicinity was held under a spell, which looked as if all were dead. There was no noise, no talking, no motion, but an awful foreboding silence ruled the street. They saw a cloud appear above them which formed itself into the figure of a crucified man. There was not one among them that did not feel awe-stricken at that sight. They knew something about the

Crucified One, some by the fact that they had been to the mission, and others by hearsay.

Now this Crucified One seemed to appraoch this earth and right at their busiest place. They had been hating and despising Him and now He was coming! What a terror! There were among them some converts of the mission, especially a man and wife who had been recently baptized; to see them it was a joy. They were waiting anxiously to see Him come down, for they had read in the New Testament that "the same Jesus will come again in a cloud, as a cloud received Him out of their sight."

For a space of about five minutes the whole crowd was held breathlessly gazing with their pale faces upward, watching that figure. Not a word was uttered by one, as they did not know what to think of it and what to do about it. To their unexpected relief the cloud began to change its form, and gradually disappeared into endless space.

From the conversation they had afterwards, it appeared that everyone had the more or less serious suspicion that it was the Messiah. Was this a foretaste of what will take place in this busy world when the Lord Jesus Christ comes again to this sinful earth? Those that despise and reject Him now will be awe-stricken at His appearance, but those who believe in Him now will rejoice with an exceeding joy. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

The average reader will consider the foregoing article sufficient to prove that its author holds the truth in light regard, and that the incident related therein with so much detail and sanctimonious trimmings is a fabrication pure and simple, especially

in view of the fact that the daily papers of this great city, always on the alert for extraordinary happenings, have not recorded this miraculous phenomenon.

Mr. Cohn, however, might still insist that what he and he alone reports, has actually happened.

Let me therefore give another proof of Mr. Cohn's utter disregard for the truth. I quote from the court stenographer's minutes of a trial held before Justice Stephen Callaghan in the Brooklyn Municipal Court, on December 19, 1913, when the lawyer he had employed in the case mentioned above, sued Mr. Cohn for non-payment of professional services.

Mr. Cohn is on the witness stand and under oath.

Q. What are you worth today?
A. Do you mean how much money I have?
Q. Any property — real estate.
Q. (By the Court): What are your assets over your liabilities?
A. About ten thousand dollars.
Q. You have a country estate in Connecticut, haven't you?
A. Yes.
Q. And you have a house at 183 Van Buren Street?
A. Yes.
Q. You have a large tenement property—you have a piece of property adjacent to the Mission, haven't you?

A. No.

Q. You have not?

A. No.

Q. Is that piece of property in the name of your son?

A. I don't know if my son has it.

Q. At how much do you estimate the value of your property at 183 Van Buren Street?

A. My son has a part in that.

Q. (By the Court): Just the part you own.

A. I gave an estimate of about ten thousand dollars.

Q. In Van Buren Street?

A. No, sir. The house in Van Buren Street is under a mortgage.

Q. You own another piece of property that is assessed at about thirty thousand dollars?

A. No, sir.

Q. You made that money in this mission business, haven't you?

A. No, sir. I did not make the money in the Mission, your Honor. I had the money from the old country.

Let us look for a moment at Cohn's testimony just quoted. He testified that he had the money from the old country. This contradicts the statement which he makes in his book entitled "A Modern Missionary to an Ancient People." There, in describing his sufferings for the sake of preaching the Gospel, he says: "I had nobody to help me financially. I pawned her (his wife's) last piece of jewelry, which I never redeemed for her." "I had no bread to offer to my children with a cup

of tea I had for their lunch." "The children had to return to school without bread" (pp. 42-43). Now either he lied on the witness stand or in his book. I am inclined to accept his book statement as true, for anyone knowing Mr. Cohn's family and their station in life in the old country would consider it utterly absurd to think for a moment that Leopold Cohn obtained money from home to buy Brooklyn real estate.

In passing it may be interesting to note that the son referred to in Mr. Cohn's testimony as a part owner of the property on Van Buren Street, is Mr. Joseph Cohn, who is engaged in travelling all over the country and appealing in the churches for aid in behalf of his father's mission. Mr. Joseph Cohn, besides being the field-secretary, is also the official treasurer of the mission.

Now this "converted ex-Rabbi Leopold Cohn" claims in his advertisements that he "has been missionary to the 250,000 Jews of Brooklyn for the past twenty years, and his labors have been remarkably blessed of God."

What is the result of his twenty years' work? He does not state how many Jews he has

baptized during that time, but a fair estimate, based upon his reports in his periodical, *The Chosen People,* would bring up the total number of Mr. Cohn's converts to about two hundred. But where are those two hundred converts? Can Mr. Cohn give the names of only twenty of them who are good Christians? Can he name ten? Can he name five? Mr. Cohn's converts are like Jonah's gourd, "which came up in a night and perished in a night." They do not stay baptized. Of all the missionaries in the country he is the most unscrupulous both in getting a convert and in getting rid of him.

A flagrant example of his utter heartlessness was brought to my notice a few years ago. A young Hungarian Jew, a recent immigrant, was baptized by him after an acquaintance of only a few weeks. His picture, with that of two other men baptized at the same time, was published in Mr. Cohn's monthly magazine, and there was a great deal said about the wonderful conversion of three promising young Jews. It is fair to assume that this picture was worth thousands of dollars to Mr. Cohn. And yet, when this young man applied to him for assistance a week after the publication of his picture, Mr. Cohn

—so the young man told his friends—gave him an old straw hat and half a dollar, with the cool advice not to bother him again.

In his efforts to impress Christian people with the great success of his missionary labors and to make them part with their money, he uses the usual methods employed by professional converts, some of which I have described in the preceding chapters. But, as may be expected, he improves upon them and even has some little tricks of his own.

But the truth of Abraham Lincoln's saying, "no man can fool all the people all the time," is also vindicated in this case, as appears from the following letter written by Rev. Dr. H. L. Moorhouse, Corresponding Secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, located in New York City. The letter was addressed to a very prominent Christian clergyman and editor, and reads as follows:

I regret to say that I have quite lost confidence in Mr. Cohn, and the Board of the Home Mission Society has discontinued its appropriation to his work in Brooklyn. He has alienated some of his best supporters by his refusal to have any supervision of his work in any way whatever. He insists upon receiving all funds, and paying them out as he pleases, appointing and dismissing appointees at his pleas-

ure, and determining what kind of service they shall render, as if he were the only anointed one of the Lord. His insulting language, and his bad temper and general management of the work, have alienated many of his best friends. I regret to be obliged to say these things, but I cannot advise anybody to put money into the enterprise as it is now conducted.

Lest I may be thought to have a personal feeling against Mr. Cohn I want to state that I never had any personal dealings with him. To the best of my recollection, we met but once, some sixteen years ago, at dinner in the house of a Christian friend. On learning that he was a Hungarian I naturally started to talk about our common native country, but he was very reticent on the subject. My sole motive in mentioning him by name was the desire to let the public know the truth about him, so that Christian people may pause and reflect before giving further aid and sympathy to this self-styled ex-Rabbi, who makes money by unmaking men, who buys houses by telling falsehoods in the house of God.

CHAPTER XIV

THE CHURCH AND THE JEW

Could we Jews see ourselves as others—non-Jews—see us, we should either get too bumptious or lose our self-respect altogether. The only consistent element in the judgment of the Jews by the outside world seems to be its inconsistency. In commenting on the promise made to Abraham, "I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heavens and as the sand which is upon the seashore" (Gen. 22:17), one of the ancient rabbis finely remarked that it was the fate of Abraham's descendants to be either lauded to the skies or trampled upon and beaten as the sand. It needs but a glance to show that this is still true at the present time. On the one hand, we see men like the late Bishop Potter, who never missed an opportunity to express his love and admiration for the Jews; on the other hand, there exist men of the Pastor Stoecker type, who

delight in throwing mud at the Jewish race.' In trying to find the reason for such a divergence of opinion concerning the Jews, we shall be aided by keeping in mind that this same fluctuation between praise and blame is to be seen in the New Testament itself. For instance, the Apostle Paul, or whosoever used his name (the most advanced scholars deny that Paul wrote all the Epistles attributed to him), speaks of the Jews in this laudatory way: "Who are Israelites, whose is the adoption and the glory, and the covenants and the giving of the law and the service of God, and the promises; whose are the fathers, and of whom is Christ as concerning the flesh?" (Rom. 9:24). But almost in the same breath the same writer calls them "vessels of wrath fitted unto destruction" (Rom. 9:22). Other passages might be cited that vacillate between high commendation and strong condemnation of the Jews.

Now it is a matter of everyday observation that whenever the Bible gives a contradictory opinion on any debatable question, Christians will find in its pages the very opinion they like to find, and which best fits in with their moral and religious natures;

therefore, it is not surprising that a Christian of a finely constituted nature, with a highly developed sense of justice and humanity, will shrink from applying to a living fellow-being the harsh words and bitter reproaches heaped upon his ancestors in the remote past. Such a nature would rather listen to the sweet words spoken in the Bible concerning Israel. Inferior natures, however, will conveniently overlook these, and following their low instinct will eagerly seize upon such passages in the Bible as give a religious sanction to their hateful words and actions.

If individual Christians differ in their attitude toward the Jews according to their natures, the Church, which is but an aggregate of individuals, must vary, too. In the dark ages when human nature had still a large admixture of brute nature, the Church condoned and not infrequently instigated the most cruel persecutions of the Jews. In Russia, just emerging from the medieval state, the Church is still at her old tricks.

With advancing culture and civilization the Church's attitude toward the Jew changes. In Roman Catholic as well as in the Protestant churches

the progress from the lower to the higher estimate of the Jew is everywhere going on. The anti-Semitic movement, started in Germany some thirty years ago by Court Chaplain Stoecker and threatening for a time to do much mischief, seems to have spent its force, although its followers make as much noise as ever. These will, no doubt, hail with delight the latest theory espoused by Professor Haupt of Johns Hopkins University, to the effect that Jesus was of Aryan and not of Semitic descent. If this could be proven, the anti-Semitic crowd might indulge in denunciations of the Semitic race to their heart's content without fear that in so doing they cast a slur upon their own Lord and Savior, whom they profess to love and worship. But even if the elimination of the Jewish element from the genealogy of Jesus should be historically correct, there would still remain enough in the New Testament that tells of the excellency and glory of the Jewish race to act as a restraint upon anti-Semitic outcries and to shame anti-Semites into silence.

Coming nearer home, we find that the American church, or more strictly speaking, the American churches, since there is fortunately no one church

officially recognized as American, have never shown any hostility to the Jews, but, on the contrary, have frequently put themselves on record in their favor.

As a rule clergymen of all Christian denominations speak well of the Jews in their sermons and public utterances. Even during the great excitement of a few years ago in New York City, when the question of Christmas exercises in the public schools almost caused a religious panic, the number of clergymen who voiced anti-Jewish sentiments was very small, indeed. Public utterances, however, are not always an index to true sentiments. Preachers as well as ordinary mortals will sometimes assume an attitude for the mere effect. Even prayers are liable to be only made for the hearers as the reporter naively wrote, "The Rev. Dr. A. delivered the most eloquent prayer ever offered to a Boston audience." The true prevailing sentiment concerning the Jews among church people can be gathered only from statements made in Christian gatherings by preachers and laymen when there is no occasion for striking an attitude. The writer had such opportunities, and the result of his observations may be briefly given as follows: The sentiment concerning the Jew that

exists in the mind of a Christian is not a simple one, but rather highly complicated, built up of various elements. There are several factors contradictory in their nature that enter into its composition. An analysis of the sentiment would show us that there is for each factor in favor of the Jews another factor counterbalancing it. The train of thought arising in the mind of a Christian when contemplating the Jew may be something like this: "He is a descendant of the great race of whom Christ came," but "the Jews killed Him." "His race has given us the Holy Scriptures," but "he believes only in the Old Testament and rejects the New." "The Jewish Scriptures have given us a Christian civilization," but "the Jews deny Christ." "The Jews have shown their love for this country on many occasions by patriotic sacrifices of life and property," but "they are clannish." "The Jews are sober and industrious," but "they are getting the best of us."

In order to establish an equilibrium between these opposing factors in favor of and against the Jews, it is necessary for Christians to be guided by the principles of peace and good-will to all men enjoined by the Church and its teachers. When these prin-

ciples are not firmly rooted, the equilibrium is likely to be easily disturbed, and religious fanaticism will sway the mind of the Christian believer, and lead him on to violate the most sacred obligations of humanity in the supposed interest of religion, and the result is—Kishineff. In the more civilized countries there is a more stable equilibrium, and even if excitement runs high, it vents itslf in denunciations against the Jews — the result is anti-Semitic societies and social ostracism. But where an enlightened religion has overcome the traditional mode of thinking, and has taken firm root in the hearts, the equilibrium between the factors is so strong that nothing will ever lead the Christian to forget the man in the Jew, and all that his religious feeling prompts him to do is to pray for his conversion.

To sum up, then, the attitude of a semi-civilized Christian toward the Jew is to prey upon him; the attitude of a civilized fanatic is to bray at the Jew; that of a fully civilized Christian is to pray for him. The future Christian, let us hope, will simply think of the Jew as his brother man.

In the onward march of progress and enlightenment the Jew will, of course, leave behind him some

of the traits of character that have been forced upon him during his weary pilgrimage of centuries. He will grow in physical strength, and will thus be able to take care of himself when a beardless hoodlum feels inclined to pull his beard; he will also give up his patient submission to injustice, and assert and defend his rights as a man and citizen under all circumstances; in short, he will give the lie to the aspersions cast upon the Jewish race by the example of his own life. Then he will be in a position to answer, as the celebrated Berthold Auerbach did when a well-known anti-Semite approached him at a public banquet and said to him: "Herr Auerbach, here is to your health I don't like the Jews, but if all the Jews were like you it would be well." "I think," replied Auerbach, laughingly, "if all the Christians were like me it would be well, too."

There are ringing in my ears King David's words: "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity," and my eyes discern in the not far distance Jew and Gentile walking arm in arm in the sunlit path of love.

CHAPTER XV

ANTI-MISSIONARY MEASURES

The foregoing chapters contain evidence more than enough to satisfy every unprejudiced mind that the work of Jewish missionaries is enveloped in deceit and falsehood, and that it not only bears no good fruit, but, on the contrary, is a constant menace to the moral and religious well being of all who happen to come under its influence.

But while I hope and believe that my testimony will help to open the eyes of many a deluded friend of Jewish missionaries, and, as a consequence, close up some of their sources of supplies, I am not optimistic enough to think that an entire cessation of Jewish missionary activity can be so speedily accomplished. The notice in public places "Beware of Pickpockets" helps to diminish but does not abolish the business of the light-fingered gentry. Even if the majority of enlightened Christians could be

made to see "the error of their ways," and could be induced to stop supporting a work so full of sham and pretence, there would still remain a certain class of people with large means and small brains, who, in spite of the most dismal failures, will persist in experimenting with the Gospel upon the Jews, and consequently there will be found worthless individuals who will lend themselves to the experiment and encourage their financial backers by fictitious results.

But right here some reader might interrupt me with this question: If the activity of the Jewish missionary is all sham and pretence, why should Jews bother about it? If some Christians find a religious satisfaction in having the Gospel preached to the Jew, why not let them have it?

To this I reply: The main mischief done by the Jewish missionaries does not come from their successes but from their failures. In other words, if Jewish missionaries succeeded in making good Christians out of those Jews who come within the sphere of their influence, they would be less objectionable and their activities not half so harmful. Deplorable as would be the loss of any number of

Jews to Judaism, there would be at least the comforting thought that the deserters have joined a religion which has so many excellent features in common with Judaism. But Jewish missionaries fail to make good converts, and the words spoken by Jesus might be aptly applied to them: "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and when he is become so, ye make him twofold more of a son of hell than yourselves" (Matt. 23:15.)

And this suggests at once one of the most effective weapons against the activity of the Jewish missionaries, and that is the exposure of their double life, whenever such can be substantiated by indisputable evidence.

Since Jewish missionaries live and thrive by money obtained under the mask of religion, much will be gained by tearing the mask off their faces, and showing their real character. In order to do this effectively it is well to remember that a missionary's character suffers but little by any wrong that he has done before his conversion. The pious Christians do not expect one who is unconverted to lead a blameless life, and they are only too willing to throw

the mantle of charity over such things as deserting one's wife or embezzling money and the like. I know, for instance, of a very successful missionary who has been accused of having been sentenced in his native country to three years in prison for the crime of forgery, to escape which sentence he fled to this country. Yet this missionary prospers in all his undertakings. The most effective exposure is one which shows that the missionary does not live up to the high standard of a "man of God," as, for instance, when it can be proven that he uses liquor or plays cards or smokes. A habitual indulgence in such things would surely taboo him with most of his spiritually minded admirers.

And since most of the Jewish missionaries, having formed those un-Christian habits in early life, continue to practice them on the sly, it would require no great amount of detective work to expose them to their Christian friends. Such an exposure would serve the double purpose of making the missionary business less remunerative and the missionary life less attractive.

Sometimes it would not be so very difficult to procure evidences of fraud upon which the post

office authorities could effectively proceed. There was, for instance, a well-known Jewish missionary working in New York City, who sent out begging letters for the support of a hat factory, which he claimed to have established for the purpose of giving employment to his converts, who, having accepted Christ, are denied employment by the Jews. He had even obtained from a confiding pious Scotch maiden lady a large sum as a loan, and he for some time paid dividends on that loan, when it turned out by evidence produced in court that the hat factory had never existed, except in the imagination of the smooth missionary.

But we could well afford to let the Jewish missionaries alone in a figurative sense, did we take good care to let them alone in a literal sense. After all, the most effective opposition to the Jewish missionaries will prove to be that which aims to prevent our co-religionists from coming in touch with them. As their work is being carried on, both among adults and children, the efforts must be directed towards keeping them away from both adults and children.

Parents should be cautioned against sending their

children to the mission schools. It should be pointed out to them that the little temporal advantage derived by their children is as nothing compared with the everlasting injury inflicted upon them by attending the mission schools. Wherever possible there should be established Jewish schools having the same attractions as the mission schools, so that the parents should have neither temptation nor excuse for patronizing mission schools.

As for preventing grown-ups from falling into the missionary net, it would seem that little or nothing can be done in the matter. In fact, there are not a few of our Jewish brethren who think that nothing should be done. If anybody wants to leave us, they argue, let him go and good riddance. But even those who express this view would hardly have it applied in practice. We are a small minority in Christian lands, and can ill afford the loss of any members by desertion.

Moreover, this *laissez faire* attitude ignores the duty imposed upon the strong to help the weak. We should never let a brother suffer from lack of food and clothing if we can help it. Are we to refuse help to a brother who is in need of mental

and spiritual advice? The late General Booth used to say that the aim of the Salvation Army was to give a man "soap, soup, and salvation." We are so very generous with the "soap and soup," why be stingy with "salvation"?

Judaism has the missionary spirit, though it has had no chance to develop it in the *Golus*. And this missionary spirit must be roused for the saving of children and weak brothers and sisters from the missionary pitfalls and snares. But how can it be done? Perhaps by keeping in mind the ancient maxim *similia similibus curantur*. No city with a large Jewish population should be without provision for the instruction of the young men who are wandering about like sheep without a shepherd. An awakening of the Jewish missionary spirit would put most, if not all, Christian missions to the Jews out of commission.

CHAPTER XVI

AN UNFINISHED CHAPTER

In my Boston address (see Chap. I) I said: "I don't know where I shall go or what I shall do . . . . My church will no longer fellowship with me, of course, and perhaps the Jews will not. But I can still fellowship with the dead prophets and martyrs." I was quite sure that the true spirit of Judaism, as manifested in the teachings and lives of its highest and best exponents, is not so harsh and unforgiving as its Christian apologists and anti-Semitic detractors claim. I was not so sure, however, that the living generation of Jews is still animated by the spirit of mercy and forgiveness for the weak and erring. My experience during the past six years has fully convinced me that those who delight in speaking of the harshness and unforgiving character of the Jew are absolutely mistaken.

Hence I venture to hope that this chapter, although dealing with my personal affairs after my return to Judaism and to private life, will not be considered irrelevant and immaterial altogether.

But inasmuch as it covers only the first year of my restoration, I call it an "Unfinished Chapter."

I was less than a year old, counting from the time that I had started on the new life, when *Pesach,* the grand old festival, came round, and that first *Seder* in which I joined again as a loyal son of a loyal race will stand out in the chambers of my memory as the happiest *Seder* of my life. Just a faint idea of what that *Seder* meant to me may perhaps be best conveyed by way of contrasting it with the first *Seder*-less *Seder* night which I spent when alienated from the faith of my fathers.

Within the walls of the Chicago Theological Seminary, where I lived as a student, the approaching Easter festival — the Christian substitute for the Jewish Passover — was uppermost in the minds of all, and the air was filled with the sufferings and crucifixion of Jesus, for which the Jews — of course, only the ancient ones — are held responsible according to the New Testament writers, who seemed

to have a grudge against the Jews. So often were the Jews mentioned in the lessons and chapel exercises that it made me nervous. The transition from the ancient to the modern Jews is so natural and easy that I was in constant fear lest the harsh names given the Jews of old might be applied to their living descendants. But, I am glad to state, it was never done. The professors and students of the Seminary were absolutely free from the anti-Semitic spirit which sometimes claims its victims even among the disciples of Jesus, who was born a Jew.

On the other hand, when walking the streets I was reminded by the display of *Matzah* signs in the stores that the Passover, a festival around which cluster the sweetest memories of my boyhood, was near at hand. I fell ill. The doctor treated me for spring fever. But what ailed me was the fever of the soul in conflict with itself.

When the *Seder* night arrived, I stayed in my room, seeking forgetfulness by doing my Greek lesson. But it was of no avail. I felt an uncontrollable desire to get at least a glimpse of the *Seder* from the outside. So I shut my book with more than necessary force, hurried down stairs, and took

the car for the Ghetto. There I wandered about in the deserted streets, looking wistfully at the tenement houses, all bright with the light of both modern gas and old-fashioned oil lamps. Now and then I would steal close to a half-opened window, only to get a glimpse of the *Seder* table, and perchance catch a strain of the old-time melodies so familiar to me from childhood. In my highly wrought-up state of mind I discovered in every white-bearded person sitting at the head of the table a likeness to my beloved father, who was then still living, in ignorance of my change.

Wine could never affect me as it does others, or else I should have emptied more than the prescribed four cups that night. I walked about until I could stand it no longer. Then I rushed back to my room, threw myself without undressing on my bed, and merciful sleep gave back to me all that I had lost. In my dreams I was a boy again at my father's table.

The sad remembrance of that lonely walk in the Ghetto would in itself have sufficed to make this first *Seder* night, after many years of wayward wanderings in the Christian wilderness, an occasion of

supreme happiness and delight. But there were additional circumstances that contributed to the happiness of this *Seder* night.

It so happened that just about springtime there was a rift in the clouds of poverty and want that had been hanging over me for many months. When I publicly renounced Christianity the summer before, I had saved up only a small sum, which soon melted away. All efforts to find steady employment ended in failure. Through some friendly influence I got a position as a porter in a large department store. At the end of three weeks the superintendent, as well as myself, were fully convinced that I was out of place in the company of young and sturdy sons of Erin. It took less than a week of peddling with soup greens from a pushcart to impress me with the truth that a peddler, like a poet, is born, not made. Then I fancied that with a little capital I could make a living, as hundreds of others do, by attending auctions and watching for bargains. Accordingly, the Board of Jewish Ministers, comprising both the Orthodox and the Reform Rabbis, raised a little loan for me. I managed to buy some things cheap,

but when it came to the selling of them, I was "sold," so to speak.

After this dismal failure some friends thought of sending me over to Ward's Island, the hospital for the insane, not as a patient, though, but as an attendant. When I went over to apply for the position, I could not see a single Jewish face among the dozens of attendants there, and the reason for this was quite plain to me when I found that the position requires a minimum of intelligence and a maximum of physical power and courage to handle the unwieldy and at times dangerous patients. I declined.

Afterwards I tried the various free employment bureaus supported by the charitably inclined. Most of these bureaus do lots of cackling but hardly ever lay an egg, justifying their name, if not their existence, by giving free (and easy) employment to their own office help.

Finally I settled down to give lessons in English. The proprietor of the restaurant which I frequented allowed me to hang up a cardboard on which was this legend in Hebrew characters: "Lessons in English. Inquire here." My pupils were mostly

young workingmen and women who were ready to sacrifice a part of their hard-earned wages for the sake of satisfying their longing for an education. Thirty cents is about the average pay for each lesson, and usually three lessons a week is all that a pupil can afford to take. I managed to fill the evenings pretty well, and my income amounted to about eight dollars a week. The trouble, however, was that sometimes they had to work overtime, and consequently had no time for the lesson, and at other times again work was "slack," and they had plenty of time, but no money to pay for the lessons.

It never rains but it pours. In addition to teaching there was opened up for me a little source of income from occasional contributions to the *Hebrew Standard,* the editor of which, the late Mr. J. P. Solomon, held out a helping hand to me and encouraged me in every way. I gladly take this first opportunity of paying an inadequate but sincere tribute to the memory of this good and wise man, whose mind was brimful of knowledge and whose heart bubbled over with kindness and love.

Just about the time this favorable turn in my affairs was taking place, the Passover arrived, and I

found myself seated at the *Seder* table presided over by Rabbi I. S. Moses of what is now, the Central Synagogue, New York City. The arrangements at the table were all in strict accordance with the old-time traditions. The hostess, although born and bred in this country, had everything prepared just as her mother used to do, allowing not a jot or tittle to be left out. Her conservative nature made her also keep a sharp eye on her husband lest he deviate from the traditional course of the service. She could not control his sermons, but as for the *Seder* she was determined to make him walk the straight and narrow path, and he had submitted to her will in this matter for the last thirty-six years. But one can never tell when a tendency to disregard mere forms will break loose. So when the point of the service was reached when, according to the rubric, one should lean back and drink of the cup, he, instead, leaned over towards me, brought his glass in contact with mine, and with kindliness beaming in his eyes said: "Here's to your happy future!"

Insignificant as this little incident may appear, yet it made me supremely happy, by removing the last

vestige of doubt concerning the Jewish attitude toward one who has gone astray.

As already intimated, our Christian friends persistently claim that Judaism is a religion of hard, unbending laws, while Christianity is a religion of grace and love. They go even further and say that Judaism is vindictive; it neither forgets nor forgives, while Christianity teaches forgiveness of sins. Whole volumes could be written to refute those assertions, but they could contain no better and more convincing argument than that given by my host, when he, a disciple of Moses and a teacher of Israel, graciously leaned over to me and drank to my health on that *Seder*-night.

A NEW CHAPTER

The first edition of this book ends with the preceding chapter. The bringing out of this second edition gives me the welcome opportunity of adding a new chapter.

While I am sure that I need not say any more to prove the sham and shame of the Jewish missionaries, although the half has not yet been told, I am inclined to think that the reader will not be bored if now my personal story begun in the preceding chapter, is brought up to date. I can well imagine the future historian of American Judaism, on getting hold of the first edition, exclaiming: "I wonder how this fellow Freuder got along afterwards?"

Is it mere vanity on my part to think that the future historian will take notice of me? Not at all. My own personality, I am fully aware, is of little consequence. But my case being so strange in the

annals of Judaism, it cannot but attract the attention of the historian who aims to give a full and true picture of the present period of Jewish life in America.

At first, as I have already mentioned in the preceding chapter, I supported myself by giving private lessons in English and doing some literary work for a Jewish weekly. These combined activities, while not very remunerative, helped me to again get into close touch with Jewish life, the one bringing me in contact with the recent immigrants and the other with the earlier immigrants or their children, thus enabling me to fill up the gaps made by my long exile.

And here is perhaps just as good a place as any to state what the reader probably has already guessed, that I had nobody to support but myself alone. And the reason for this is obvious enough. While I was among the Christians, I could not, of course, marry a Jewess, and to marry a Christian girl who would look upon me as a sincere Christian believer, would have, in my unsettled state of mind concerning Christianity, amounted to a crime. But how about a converted Jewess? Well, they are very

scarce, and the ones I did meet in my long experience were already married, their baptism forming a sort of prelude to their marriage to a Christian.

The difficulty of finding a permanent position was increased a thousandfold by the fact that I was fully determined to keep away from anything that would require the use of trickery or acting under false pretences. Thus, having for so many years been denied the freedom of expressing my true opinions, I would have been most wretched in any employment which would require me to express opinions and views which I did not conscientiously hold!

In 1911 I conceived the idea of writing a book dealing with the Jewish missionaries. I was convinced that that was the best service I could render to Judaism. Having plenty of material stored away in my mind, I thought that I could put it down in writing within a few months. All I needed was just money enough to live on while I was engaged in preparing the book. A friend suggested that he would give me the names of ten persons who would be willing to advance me ten dollars each. Some of these men responded, but it took so much time to see them, that after three months had passed, I had

written but one chapter. And so I had to stop writing and do some work of more immediate financial returns. But the idea of the book had taken such strong hold of me that I returned to it as soon as I had earned enough money to keep me going for a little while. Like a "stage-struck" young lady, I had become "book-struck," and no advice of friends could dissuade me from realizing my plan.

At last, in 1913, I hurried with the completed manuscript to a well-known publisher. I was told to return for an answer in two weeks. When I did return, I was told to return again in four weeks, when my book was politely rejected. Another publisher wanted me to pay the cost of printing in advance, which, of course, I was unable to do. Finally, I decided to get advance subscriptions and become my own publisher.

And so, after almost two years had elapsed since the completion of my manuscript, I had just enough money to pay the printing expenses. As for the binding, I had to do it piecemeal, as the binder was not optimistic enough to let me have more books than I could pay for on delivery. This resulted in my inability to send review copies to the papers and

to do other necessary advertising. The book was therefore printed, but far from being published, in the sense of being offered to the public. Only a thousand copies were printed. After delivering the copies subscribed and paid for in advance, I was left with about 500 copies, which I disposed of within a period of four months, when I found myself suddenly with neither money nor books left.

But I had the great satisfaction of having my book favorably regarded by the reviewers, and bitterly denounced by the Jewish missionaries. One of the latter gentry publicly threatened to have me arrested for libel. How empty his threat was may be seen from the fact that three years after the appearance of my book, there was published a pamphlet by Colonel Alexander S. Bacon, a prominent attorney and a member of the Baptist Church, in which that missionary is called all kinds of names, including his right name, and yet the one so called did not dare to go into court as plaintiff in a libel action.

I still clung to the hope of being able to get out a large edition of the book and put it in the hands of the well-meaning but deluded missionary patrons, when the entry of our country in the World War

made it imperative to postpone this venture for the time being.

After being temporarily employed as proofreader of the new English translation of the Hebrew Bible published by the Jewish Publication Society of America, I found permanent employment with the same society as one of their representatives in soliciting membership and getting orders for their various publications. While engaged in this work, I shrank from being known as the author of a book, the more so since the book was dead. But on occasions when I ran across a man who had read it, I found a hearty welcome and an eager readiness to assist me in my work.

I was getting along nicely, having even a little bank account, which, small as it was, made the idea of printing my book loom large in my mind, when at the beginning of the year 1921 I was laid up with rheumatism, which kept me from my work for more than three months. This illness, however, was a blessing in disguise, resulting as it did in arousing the sympathy of the well known and public spirited gentleman, Mr. Joseph Barondess, who, ever ready to help me in my struggles of many years past, was

now determined to put new life both into the book and the author. Mr. Barondess co-operated with the Rev. Dr. Elias Margolis of Mount Vernon, N. Y., and the result may be seen from the following letter which I am taking the liberty to print without securing Dr. Margolis' permission.

Hotel Fairmont,
Tannersville, N. Y.,

July 1st, 1921.

My dear Mr. Freuder:

My old friend Mr. Barondess visited Mount Vernon recently, and in the course of conversation mentioned the fact that he was engaged in a project, in which I myself happen to be interested, namely, the publication of a second edition of your book, "A Missionary's Return to Judaism." Your book, as you know, made a strong appeal to me when it was published. I regarded it as a fine piece of work, because of its genuine human appeal, and even more so because of its value as a weapon against the missionaries and their pernicious activities. This was impressed upon me all the more last spring, when a number of missionaries, self styled "ex-Rabbis" and "sons of ex-Rabbis," whom I recognized as some of the "worthies" described so accurately and interestingly in your book, descended on the Mt. Vernon community and succeeded in "touching" the hearts and pockets of our gullible Christian fellow townsmen in the good old fashioned way. Had your book been available at that time, I could have used two hundred copies

or more for distribution among our Christian friends in order to expose these masqueraders and to negative their future influence, should they ever pay us a return visit. I was overjoyed when Mr. Barondess imparted the good news and I was more than happy to offer him my co-operation. I went to work at once and succeeded in interesting a number of prominent Jews of Mount Vernon, and as a result plans have already been perfected insuring the speedy appearance of a second edition of your book, to which Rev. Dr. Stephen S. Wise has kindly promised to write an introduction. I wish you would join me at once in Tannersville, N. Y., where you will have the opportunity of recuperating from your recent illness, and when good food, mountain air and freedom from material worries have restored you to health and strength, we will be able to discuss details as to corrections and changes you may care to incorporate in the second edition. Let me know when I may expect you.

Sincerely yours,

ELIAS MARGOLIS.

The reader can well imagine what emotions I felt on receiving this message. Coming as it did, just thirteen years after my return to Judaism, it made me feel in spite of my gray hair as if I were once more a Bar-Mitzvah boy, with a joyful outlook on life, undimmed by age and unclouded by visions of the past.

Since it is customary for a Bar-Mitzvah boy to

address the congregation, let me fancy myself, with the reader's kind indulgence, standing before the whole congregation of the house of Jacob and addressing them.

Brethren: Looking back over the past thirteen years, I can triumphantly say that during all that time there was never a moment that I regretted my return to Judaism. True, instead of partaking of the proverbial fatted calf prepared for the prodigal son, I had to struggle hard for the bare necessities of life. But what did all the inconveniences and hardships amount to when compared to the priceless satisfaction of being once more a true and loyal Jew? You remember the Talmudic saying (Abodah Zarah 11) "Yesh koneh olamo be-sha 'ah ahat," which means, there are those who acquire their share of bliss of the future life in a single hour (instead of having to work for it, as others do, for many years). Paraphrasing that sentence, I might say that I have acquired a world of unalloyed and everlasting happiness when in that single hour in Boston, thirteen years ago — as I have already related in the first chapter — I sacrificed on the altar of Judaism a secure position in the Christian Church

with good prospects of a life of comfort and ease.

And what inspired me in that hour? It was the love for Judaism, a love which I had imbibed from my earliest childhood days, a love which neither time nor change of environment could extinguish. It was the same kind of love which inspired our ancestors to make the supreme sacrifice for their faith.

A certain philosopher has pointed out the strange fact that the three most precious things in life, youth, health and liberty, are only appreciated fully after we have been deprived of them. Alas! this is just what happened to me with regard to Judaism, which I began to appreciate properly only after I had lost it. But having found it again, I am more than ever convinced of its incomparable truth and beauty and of its being "a tree of life to those that lay hold of it." Brethren: Thirty years ago I deserted the tents of Jacob to find shelter in the Christian camp. I made a grievous mistake. Oh that I had heeded the lesson contained in that fable of Rabbi Akiba, as the Talmud tells it to us (Berachoth 61), of the fox who, passing a river, saw the fishes moving to and fro in a restless manner. "Why are you so

restless?" asked the fox. "We are trying," answered the fishes, "to escape from the net laid for us by wicked men." "Come," said the fox, "to me on dry land, and you and I will dwell together in happiness." "Do you think we are as foolish as all that?" replied the fishes. "If dangers encompass us in our own element, how can we hope to be free from dangers in a foreign element?" What a foolish fish any one is who forsakes the living springs of Jewish religion and life.

I have just mentioned the three most precious things in life, namely, youth, health and liberty. These three things Judaism has most abundantly.

Judaism has youth. Though old in years, it is like Moses, of whom it is written, "His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." Let those of our impetuous youth who look with disdain upon the furrowed face of Judaism bear in mind that it is not the wrinkles in the face but the wrinkles in the heart that make a person old, and the heart of our beloved mother Judaism beats as soundly and strong today as ever.

Judaism has health. Its well-balanced mind steers clear of gross materialism on the one hand

and sickly sentimentalism on the other. Like Jacob's ladder, it is set up on the earth, but the top of it reaches to heaven. "The Torah," our sages say, "was not given to angels," nor does it aim to make angels out of men, but plain, red-blooded men, zealous for truth and righteousness.

Judaism has liberty. While chattel slavery was grudgingly tolerated in the early period of Hebrew civilization, mental slavery was always repugnant and intolerable to the Jewish mind. The most heroic deeds recorded in the annals of mankind are those performed by Jews in the fight for liberty of conscience. In the midst of Judaism a Spanish Inquisition could never have reared its ugly head. And yet those who sing the praises of Christianity speak so glibly of Jewish "bigotry and narrow-mindedness." In fact, however, the true spirit of Judaism looks upon liberty of conscience as the most sacred birthright of man in whom dwelleth the spirit of God.

These and other beauties of Judaism which have in recent times been recognized by some of the greatest Christian scholars, are destined to shine forth in all their glory in the new Palestinian home-

land, when, freed from the galling Galuth, the Jew will be enabled not only to preach the prophetic ideals but also to live them. Brethren: My heart's desire is to save others from making the mistake I made. The work of the Jewish missionaries, with its large financial backing and small regard for decency and truth, constitutes a menace to our Jewish youth. I am confident that true information about the life and character of the missionaries will prevent our youths from becoming impressed by the sanctimonious missionary talk, and will also cut off the missionaries' source of supply, inasmuch as no self-respecting Christian could conscientiously support a work carried on by these traffickers of souls, who are as little Christian as they are Jewish. Such helpful information being supplied in my book, I am extremely happy in the thought that I have done my "bit" for Judaism, to the service of which I now earnestly dedicate the remaining years of my life.

THE END

INDEX

Auerbach, Berthold 178

Bacon, Colonel Alexander S. 199
Baltimore 55, 94
Baptists 44
Baptist Publication Society 107
Barondess, Joseph 200
Boston 51
Brooklyn, The Messiah in 164

Chicago Hebrew Mission..... 37
Chicago Theological Seminary 37, 49, 187
"Chosen People," The 104
Cincinnati, University of 33
Cohn, "Ex-Rabbi" Leopold ..... 160ff.
Coit, Rev. Joshua 10
Congregational Church 52, 57

Deutsch, Gotthard 6
Dobsevage, I. George 6

Edersheim, Dr. 128
Episcopal Divinity School 58

Freuder, Rabbi Nathan 25
Floating Missionary, The 78

Greek Catholic Church 64

Ha-*almah* 86
Hasidim 129
"Hebrew Standard," The 192
Hebrew Union College 32, 33
Heine, Heinrich 44
Herzl, Theodore 155
Hildesheimer, Dr. Israel 29
Huntington, Rev. Dr. Wm. R..... 22

(continued on following page)

Jewish Publication Society 200
Jewish Ministers, Board of 191
Judenstaat, Der 155

London (Society for Promoting Christianity)..... 66

Macon, Ga. 33
Margolis, Rev. Dr. Elias 201
Medical Dispensaries 69
Mendes, Rev. Dr. H. P. 56
Mercer University 33
Miller, Simon 6
Montefiore, Sir Moses 18
Moorhouse, Dr. H. L. 169
Moses, Rabbi I. S. 193
Mount Vernon, N. Y., Missionaries in..... 201

Neumann, Rabbi David 28
New York, Grace Episcopal Church 58
Niles, Edward S. 10
Nir David 28

Ocean Grove 147

Park Street Church, Boston 9
Passover 188
Philadelphia, Church of the Advent 58
Potter, Bishop 171
Phylacteries 54
Presbyterians 44
Pressburg *Yeshibah* 28
Protestant Churches 64
Protestant Episcopal Church 57

Reading Rooms 69, 90ff
Reform Judaism 43
Roman Catholic Church 64

Scott, Rev. H. M. 37
Seder service 188
Show Window Missions 93

Solomon, J. P. 192
Solomon, Wm. J. 6

Stoecker 30

TRINITY, doctrine of 45, 87

"WATCHWORD AND TRUTH" 162
Whittaker, Bishop 17
Williamsburg Mission 163
Wilmington, Del. 94
Wise, Isaac M. 18, 32, 34
Wise, Rev. Dr. Stephen S. 202

YIDDISH Literature 95
Yiddish Sermons 79

ZEMACH HASODEH 25
Zionism ..... 155ff.

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